

THE NATION

July 27, 1963 . . 35c

The Voices Of Birmingham

David Cort

Sino-Soviet Loggerheads

RECRIMINATIONS IN MOSCOW

Alexander Werth

Enclaves of Trouble in South Africa

Jack Halpern

Blowing Barry's Horn

Stanley Meisler

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LETTERS

JFK abroad

Hamburg, Germany

Dear Sirs: I read the article by Senator Claiborne Pell, "Berlin: a New Approach" [June 22]. There seem to be two things which are irreconcilable:

(a) The President cannot very well ask for more and more contributions to NATO, to aid for the underdeveloped countries, to the general efforts for better defense, more and better arms by the Federal Republic, if, simultaneously,

(b) he wants to come to some kind of settlement with the USSR in regard to the German question and, specifically, Berlin. After all, if we interpret the Russian wishes correctly, it is less arms spending that the Russians want, and certainly they would not wish to see the Federal Republic have a say in the nuclear pool that seems to be going to be erected shortly.

We are currently spending about 18.5 billion *Deutsche Marken* for defense. This amount, according to U.S. requests, is to be augmented to something around 21.5 billion during 1964. And there is yet no end in sight. How should all that stimulate the USSR to come to terms with the American President?

Horst Ritt

New York City

Dear Sirs: That part of President Kennedy's Paulskirche speech in which he placed our cities in pawn to nuclear incineration . . . seemed to me ill advised and needlessly provocative. I thought it the defiant cry of a strong man, well armed to defend himself against his enemies, but so inwardly insecure that he is impelled, like Roderick Dhu, to proclaim to one and all his readiness to fight to the death. Such militance may well rally his reluctant allies but will not help to abate his quarrel. . . . I find myself wondering, had this section of the President's speech received prior full consideration by the Congress which alone represents the will of all the people of the United States, might not some voice of reason have said, "Hold. We've given you a big stick. Speak softly."

Taylor Adams

No dope

El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs: In his review of my novel *City of Night* in *The Nation* (June 29, 1963), Mr. Robert Kiely writes that my book describes a "night journey through the world of drug addiction, prostitution and male hustling." Later he refers to its "world of 'scores,' 'queens' and 'junkies.'" Still later he mentions its "pages of sex, alcohol

and drugs." And still later he writes that the narrator discovers "that heroin isn't much of a substitute for heaven."

I am sure that we all agree that narcotics addiction is certainly a condition worthy of exploration in literature. However, for the purpose of factual accuracy (as well as for the clarification of readers who may wonder whether they are reading the same book Mr. Kiely reported on), I would like to point out that my novel does not deal in any way with narcotics addiction, "junkies" are mentioned only in passing, and there is no reference whatsoever to heroin. *John Rechy*

Cuban crisis

Dear Sirs: I am doing a study of behavior during the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962. I am particularly interested in having information from individuals who took concrete steps to protect themselves and their families during this period, whether this involved digging, stocking or running. All diaries, personal statements, etc., will be treated with utmost confidentiality and returned to sender forthwith. Newspaper clippings reporting panic buying would be appreciated.

My address is 86 Hammond Street, Cambridge 38, Mass. *Irvin Doress*

Rare poem

New York City

Dear Sirs: We are moved to write to you by a poem appearing in your June 29 issue ("Lines for a Young Man Who Talked" by John Logan).

We both responded to it as an experience—in the way that one wants to respond to a poem—and so rarely can to contemporary ones.

Elizabeth and Joel Markowitz

Seven-year mirage

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "Schoolteachers in New York get a year to themselves for every seven years of work, and that seems a minimal ratio" ["Sabbaticals for Labor," *The Nation*, July 13].

May I offer a correction? Schoolteachers in New York may apply for a semester's sabbatical leave for every seven years of work. . . . If it is granted, they receive about 40 per cent of their salary. From this must be deducted social security, all taxes, pension contributions, etc. So few can afford such a luxury that the number requesting the sabbatical leave is perhaps 200 a semester of the 40,000 teachers. A teacher on maximum salary can expect sabbatical checks of \$65 a month.

Of course even that is better than what most workers receive, but please

THE NATION

Saturday July 27, 1963

Volume 197, No. 3

In this issue

EDITORIALS

41

ARTICLES

- 43 Recriminations in Moscow:
Sino-Soviet Loggerheads
Alexander Werth
- 46 The Voices of Birmingham
David Cort
- 48 Blowing Barry's Horn
Stanley Meisler
- 49 South Africa: Enclaves of
Trouble
Jack Halpern
- 52 Fair Bail for All
William M. Kunstler

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- 54 John Adams and His Wife,
Abigail
Loren Baritz
- 54 Maintenant (poem)
Dilys Laing
- 55 History by Commission
Glyn Daniel
- 56 Return to Relevance
Allen Guttmann
- 57 Freedom Songs
Robert Shelton
- 58 Theatre
Harold Clurman
- 59 Films
Robert Hatch
- Crossword Puzzle (opp. 60)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Assistant to the Editors
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Hilton Kramer, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
A. R. Ammons, Poetry
Jane Stolle, United Nations
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, July 27, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 3

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year \$10, Two years \$18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian \$1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

do not perpetuate the fiction that New York schoolteachers have a year off every seven years and can afford to use the privilege!

Marjorie H. Greenberger

Pentagon Payola

In an article on "Congressmen in Uniform" in *The Nation* of December 2, 1961, Jerry Greene first broke the story of the liaison between Congress and the Pentagon. Until then, probably not one American in a thousand had any idea that no less than fifty Congressmen were holding reserve commissions. He was accustomed to the idea of their belonging to law firms, owning substantial shares in radio and TV stations, putting their relatives on the federal payroll, etc., but that they were also members of the Armed Forces, while dispensing forty, fifty or sixty billions a year to these same organizations, was too much of a strain on the imagination.

Now, however, this particular rat hole is being probed, and perhaps is due to be closed up. The voters might decide that even a Congressman can go too far. Jerry Greene had all his facts straight except one: Jim G. Lucas of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, which seem to be regaining some of their old crusading zeal, reports that not fifty, but 175 Congressmen hold commissions. Either Greene missed some of the Congressional warriors, or the Pentagon has redoubled its recruiting in the legislative halls.

Editorially, the *New York World-Telegram*, one of the Scripps-Howard chain, refers to this practice as "Pentagon payola" and calls on the Senate Judiciary and House Rules Committees for a complete inquiry. If such probes should be undertaken (some of the Congressmen might be investigating themselves), the prospects could enliven an otherwise dull summer. The Pentagon, which has been known to deliberate for months, even years, before allowing an enlisted man to sew a single additional stripe on his sleeve, is much more generous in assessing the martial capacities of Congressmen. In one case, a future Congressman served in the Navy as a seaman. After his discharge he studied law and applied for a commission in the Air Judge Advocate Corps. The Air Force showed no interest. When the gentleman was elected to Congress, however, he was soon elevated to the grade of Major and, further, qualified as an ICBM launch officer after fifteen days' training.

These Congressmen doubling in brass are violating the traditional American principle of civilian control of the military; they are guilty of a conflict of interest

—they can and do raise their stipends as reserve officers; they are members of a built-in lobby for which the public pays; and they get preference in grade because some operator in the Pentagon figures they may be generous when appropriation time rolls around. At one time ethical standards were higher. When, during the Civil War, Senator Lane of Kansas accepted a commission as a Reserve brigadier general, he was unceremoniously ousted from his seat in the Congress. The Constitution reads that ". . . no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office." It is high time that this provision be applied.

To March or Not to March

Serious misgivings have been expressed about the civil-rights demonstration scheduled to take place in Washington on August 28. These objections are not to be taken lightly, if only because many of them come from persons wholly sympathetic with the Negroes' struggle for equality. Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, for example, has an outstanding record in the civil-rights movement and she knows Washington—her family owns *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*. In her opinion the march would be disastrous; she predicts "catastrophic outbreaks of violence, bloodshed and property damage." The possibility cannot be ruled out. It is not the Negro demonstrators who will perpetrate violence; the danger is that the occasion will be made a field day by the American Nazi Party, the Ku Klux Klan, the Citizens Councils, the Birchites and other organizations of the far-out or pathological Right.

That risk must be taken: the demonstration should and will be held. The leaders emphasize that it will be a mass gathering for redress of grievances, that and nothing else. There is no intention of invading the Capitol, no plans for sit-downs, lie-downs, or any form of civil disobedience. The mass of the demonstrators will assemble, march to the Lincoln Memorial and disperse. Visits to Congressmen, to importune them to vote for cloture and pass the Administration's civil-rights legislation, will be by small groups of the sort that regularly call on Congressmen.

And the arguments for holding the demonstration are well-nigh irresistible. The salient fact is that the nonviolent Negro revolution has reached a critical stage in its haphazard development. It is being carried on by a congeries of organizations, not one of which was designed to cope with the mass flare-up which rose suddenly out of long-smoldering repression. To name them—the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Congress of Racial

SUMMER SCHEDULE

Through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: Aug. 10 and Aug. 24. We will resume normal publication with the issue of Sept. 7.

Equality, the Urban League, the Negro Labor Council, the Student Non-Violence Coordinating Committee—is to give an inkling of the potentialities for conflict, if not chaos, in the future course of the movement. Moreover, within each of the participating organizations there exists the normal competition among groups and individuals for leadership, power and control of policy. All are agreed on the general objective, but when it comes to tactics and techniques, the objective may be lost in a welter of disagreement.

Within the movement itself, then, there is need for a major, nation-wide project which will tend to integrate the efforts of these more or less disparate organizations, and perhaps eventually lead to mergers which would make the integration movement more effective in the series of conflicts that still lie ahead. Externally, there is Congress to consider. Some opponents of the demonstration seem overly tender of the sensibilities of the Senators and Representatives. For God's sake, don't pressure them, seems to be the slogan. The average Congressman is being pressured all the time, and he rarely succumbs to nervous prostration. Probably not many votes will be changed by the march on Washington, but even the most recalcitrant Congressman will be impressed by the fact that 100,000 citizens are willing to go to the trouble and expense of coming to the nation's capital—in August!—to demand their rights.

This Congress, in particular, could stand a bit of shoving around, even if the Negroes are not the ones to perform that patriotic service. It has been doing substantially nothing for six and a half months, and it is about time it accomplished some constructive work. "The slow-motion Congress of all time," one liberal Democratic Senator calls it. In *The Wall Street Journal* Jerry Landauer describes its dominant mood as "lackadaisical, rebellious and a bit tired of the critics who demand thorough reform of Capitol procedures as a prelude to swifter action. . . ." Perhaps the Negro march will have a catalytic effect.

The Crack in the Door

The chances favor the conclusion of a limited nuclear test-ban agreement at the up-coming Moscow conference. Khrushchev wants it, and so does the President. As Senator Humphrey observes, "a softer wind is blowing west, and a sharper wind blowing east out of Moscow." Despite this country's clearly superior nuclear capability—including delivery capabilities—a stalemate of a sort has been achieved. In nuclear warfare, power does not need to be balanced evenly or exactly in order to achieve a stalemate; indeed, both sides are today burdened by the dimensions of their respective "overkill" capacity, and it makes no difference that this burden may be unequal. Secretary McNamara's announcement that he will negotiate cutbacks in the nuclear materials stockpiling program confirms the existence of an "overkill" stalemate.

Further tests are not needed and both sides have the gravest reasons to be concerned about the spread of nuclear weapons. Furthermore, the negotiations will center on an eminently feasible proposal. Premier Khrushchev's July 2 suggestion of a test ban that excluded underground explosions is substantially what President Eisenhower proposed in 1959, and President Kennedy (with Prime Minister Macmillan) in 1962. In his East Berlin speech, Khrushchev did not make the achievement of a nonaggression pact a prerequisite for negotiating a limited test-ban agreement; the pact or its equivalent could come "at the conclusion" of such an agreement. As to its content, a joint statement of nonaggressive intentions might well meet this face-saving requirement. A limited test ban on these lines accords with the proposal advanced by Senators Humphrey and Dodd which secured the approval of thirty-three additional Senators. It is an agreement which the President and General Eisenhower would both approve, and it should encounter no insuperable difficulties in the Senate—the more so as recent polls have shown 73 per cent of the country's public opinion to be in favor of an agreement of some sort.

Nevertheless, ratification must not be taken for granted. The right-wing elements, reading the signs correctly, have set up a new target; no longer is "atheistic godless communism" their major phobia. Their pet hate now is "disarmament" and the possibility of a *détente*. If the July 15 negotiations are successful, if an agreement is reached, the overtones of debate may well extend into the 1964 Presidential campaign, particularly if Senator Goldwater should be the Republican nominee. The usual obstructive tactics are already being used by the elements that have consistently opposed any form of test-ban agreement, but they now stress the theme that a test ban would be "meaningless." This argument overlooks the fact that a test-ban agreement would be important more for what it would imply, and entail, than for what it actually achieved. For one thing, it might well set the stage for a settlement of the Berlin issue along the lines indicated by Senator Pell and others; more important, a test-ban agreement would engage the Soviet Union and this country in a concerted effort. When it has been achieved, as during the Suez crisis, such joint action by the two major powers has provided the UN with the support it needs to be an effective peace-policing agency.

The cold-war hawks are aware of the possible consequences of a test-ban agreement and can be counted on to fight bitterly against its ratification. But if an agreement is reached, the President should be able to secure ratification, and a national debate over the issue could clarify other foreign-policy objectives. It would align those who favor a *détente*, or limited accommodation, with the USSR, against the hawks. So let no one be deceived by the specious argument that a limited test-ban agreement would be "meaningless."

Suicidal Alternative

If no settlement is reached in the railroad labor dispute by the time the extended deadline expires, and the President then feels that he must ask Congress for powers to prevent a walkout and to compel binding arbitration of the issues, it will be interesting to watch developments on two seemingly unrelated fronts. Will Congress be able to devise a formula by which those who are about to be severed from their jobs will willingly accept the severance? Up to this point, the firemen have been confronted with the alternative of either slitting their own throats or drinking the hemlock offered by management. It will also be interesting — and instructive — to see whether business and industry in general will rally to the principle of compulsory arbitration which railway management, in the comfortable belief that it enjoys a strong legislative and political bargaining position in the present dispute, is apparently willing to accept. Perhaps, when the chips are down, management will be no more enthusiastic about having the terms and conditions of employment imposed on industry than the firemen are at being asked to commit suicide.

The Honors List

On July 4, President Kennedy named thirty-one persons who will receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom at ceremonies in Washington next September. This new award, highest civilian honor, replaces a former Medal of Freedom which had been bestowed on individuals who had meritoriously acted "in the interest of the security of the United States." The

present honor is given for outstanding effectiveness in the area of security, but also commemorates contributions to "world peace, or cultural or other significant public or private endeavours."

It was wise, we think, to extend the criteria beyond security to the more creative areas of peace and culture, but it is also undeniable that the terms of the medal now have about them something of a grab-bag quality. This is reflected in the quite disparate backgrounds of the present recipients: Edmund Wilson is honored, so is Robert J. Kiphuth, retired swimming coach at Yale; in September, Marian Anderson, Pablo Casals and Mies van der Rohe will share Mr. Kennedy's felicitations with Edwin H. Land, manufacturer of the Polaroid camera; John J. McCloy, former High Commissioner for Germany and former head of the U. S. Disarmament Agency, and Mark S. Watson, "hard-line" military expert of the *Baltimore Sun*.

We are a heterogeneous people and perhaps the widest possible net should be cast for the men and women we honor. However, this medal is designated as the *highest* honor, and it is possible that awards for superlative conduct should preserve the luster of considerable rarity. Honors lists tend to depreciate in value over the years. One starts with heroes and bards and too soon finds oneself pinning immortality on business acumen and bureaucratic zeal.

The President's first list is excellent, including as it does such eminently suitable names as Alexander Meiklejohn, Rudolf Serkin and Edward Steichen. But thirty-one recipients in a single year would seem a good many for a medal intended to mark an absolute standard of social or creative achievement.

Sino-Soviet Loggerheads

Recriminations in Moscow Alexander Werth

Paris
The Chinese, with an uncanny sense of timing, certainly threw a spanner in the works when, on June 14, i.e., four days before the meeting of the Soviet Central Committee in Moscow, they produced their "Letter of 25 Points." Through the good offices of the Chinese Embassy in Moscow a copy of this letter was delivered to every member of the Central Committee—a very curious prelude to the Soviet-Chinese meeting of July 5. In order "not to complicate relations still further," the Russians decided not to publish the letter; but everybody in Moscow who matters has read it.

No doubt reflecting Peking's annoyance at Fidel Castro's gang-

up with Khrushchev, it is the sharpest and most open attack yet made by the Chinese on the Soviet leadership. Little is left unsaid. In effect, the letter is an appeal to the "Socialist camp" to rally round Peking, rather than Moscow. Times have changed, the letter argues; if, in the past, when the Soviet Union was the only Socialist country in the world, people could be judged by their attitude to "Moscow," the real test now is whether people defend "the camp as a whole" and "the unity of this camp." China stands for this unity, while "others" encourage schisms and divisions, collaborating with the capitalist world, and betraying the cause of proletarian internationalism. Funda-

mentally these "others" (meaning Khrushchev, and probably also Togliatti and Thorez) are not interested in the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America and are, if anything, opposed to the "Chinese way" to communism—a way comprising peasant revolts, the formation of a united front among the peasants, the "progressive" bourgeoisie and the proletariat and the "armed conquest of power" by this front.

Worse still, Khrushchev is accused of having enormously and *unilaterally* exaggerated the importance of peaceful competition with the capitalist world—that is, without having received any proper guarantees from the West that it is

bent on such "peaceful competition." Khrushchev (though again without being mentioned by name) is also charged with having "invented the legend" that China is eager to start new wars. In reply to Russian charges that Mao Tse-tung is the object of a "personality cult," the Chinese denounce the attitude whereby "exaggerated credit" is given to certain people (i.e., Khrushchev) and all mistakes are attributed to others (i.e., Stalin). There are also various hints in the Chinese letter that Russia is going "bourgeois," that the Russian claim that the Soviet Union is on the threshold of communism is nothing but a lot of eyewash. Finally, the Chinese made it clear that they intended to probe deeply into certain decisions taken at the last three Soviet Congresses, and that they regarded the meeting of July 5 as merely a prelude to a general conference of all the Communist parties of the world—which is precisely what the Russians want to avoid.

With this as background, the July 5 conference opened to the accompaniment of quite violent demonstrations of anger on both sides. On the day the Chinese delegation arrived in Moscow, Khrushchev found himself in Kiev; he left no greeting for the visiting comrades and displayed a preference for the company of that arch anti-Red, Paul-Henri Spaak. Meanwhile, Peking was staging one of its mammoth demonstrations in honor of the five Chinese expelled by Moscow for distributing the Letter of 25 Points.

In addition to breaking Chinese Embassy windows, the Russians have been charging their ally with anti-white racism; to which the Chinese reply with accusations of bourgeois nationalism. The Chinese also flaunt the support they receive from various Vietnam, Korean and Malayan newspapers and spokesmen. And at the rally honoring the expellees Marshal Chen Yi praised the unity of spirit between the Chinese and Russian people without mentioning parties or governments. China is encouraged in its present truculence not only by the support from Asia, but also by Rumania's recent show of opposition to Moscow and by the atmosphere of great cordiality in which that country recently signed a cul-

tural agreement with China. This alleged shift, finally, is endorsed by the fact that Rumania has sent a volleyball team to Albania, where it met champion volleyists from North Korea and China.

Khrushchev's meeting with Spaak was significant of more than his pique with the Chinese, for the Belgian statesman is known to oppose the Franco-German alliance and to favor an agreement between NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations, which Khrushchev himself has linked to a test-ban treaty. His meeting with Spaak also coincides with his realization that President Kennedy's visit to Germany was as great a success as de Gaulle's visit was a frost. The Russian premier's greatest ambition at the moment is to accomplish a Soviet-American meeting based on the sentiments of the President's American University speech, and the Russians are treating with more sorrow than anger Mr. Kennedy's departures from those sentiments in Berlin.

Apart from tortuous ideological criticisms of the Chinese in the Soviet press, the Russian Communist Party is conducting more direct verbal propaganda to the effect that what the Chinese really want is enormously increased Soviet economic aid. They say (thus giving some substance to the Chinese charge that their Russian brothers are not the revolutionary idealists they once at least claimed to be): "We can't afford to support 700 million people without disastrously lowering our own standard of living." Another popular curb-side argument against support for the Chinese is the danger that it would hasten the day when they too will achieve an atomic bomb.

The situation has clearly reached a stage when an open split between Moscow and Peking is not out of the question; but the Russians appear determined not to take the responsibility for this split. Hence their mild and seemingly conciliatory attitude to the Chinese; hence also Khrushchev's seemingly unenthusiastic response to Kennedy's famous "no-war" speech at the American University; hence perhaps also the new act of anti-Western defiance, the sudden creation, before the Kennedy visit, of a no-man's-land along the Berlin Wall. But all this may be no more than play-acting; and there is

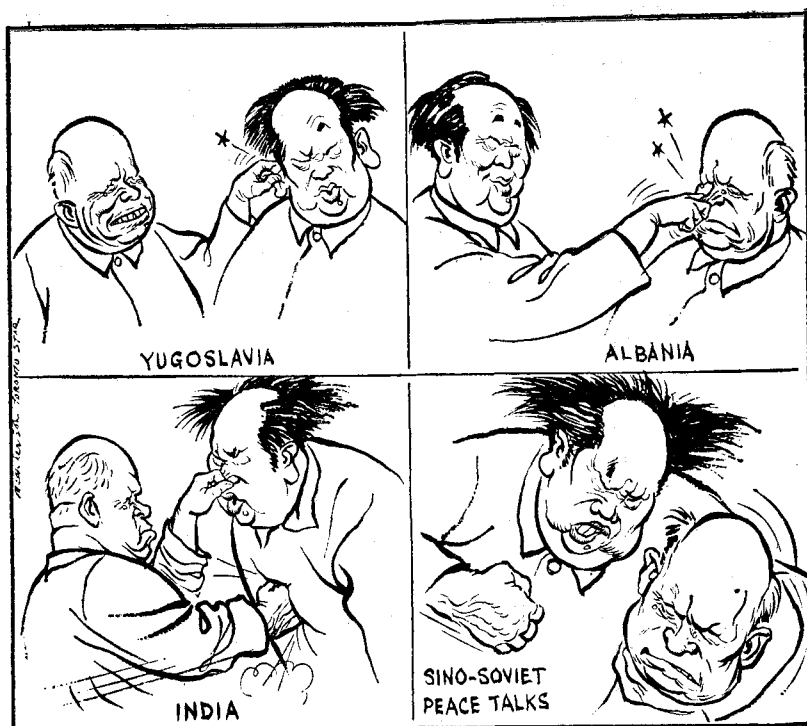
nothing so far to show that the negotiations with Britain and the United States for a test-ban treaty are not being taken seriously by the Russians. It is also well known in Moscow that Khrushchev is eager to invite Kennedy to the Soviet Union, but is waiting to see first what comes of the meeting with the Chinese.

The Soviet-Chinese confrontation, though not on a top level, is likely to prove of the most far-reaching importance. In the light of the "25-Point Letter," a complete reconciliation, is quite out of the question; the choice, it seems, lies between a complete breach between Moscow and Peking and a simple and inconclusive adjournment of the discussion. To save himself a lot of internal and international complications, Khrushchev will probably favor the latter solution; but will the Chinese be content with this? The "25 Points" suggest, on the contrary, that they are after Khrushchev's blood and want an early showdown.

Whatever complications may yet arise as a result of the Soviet-Chinese meeting in July, Khrushchev's position inside the Soviet Communist Party seems very strong at the moment. The appointment of Brezhnev and Podgorny, both staunch Khrushchev men, as secretaries of the Central Committee, is highly indicative; with Kozlov, the "heir apparent," falling seriously ill, it is Brezhnev who now becomes Khrushchev's obvious successor — the question of the "succession" having already been mentioned once or twice by Khrushchev himself. At fifty-seven, Brezhnev is still a relatively young man, who likes to dance at Kremlin and embassy receptions, and has a generally pleasant and affable manner, not least in his contacts with Western diplomats. He is believed to be very much a "peaceful coexistence" man and, judging from his visits to India, Afghanistan and Africa, is a great believer in the value of the "uncommitted bloc," and an opponent of forcing any "Chinese" solutions on the underdeveloped countries.

Podgorny, like Brezhnev, is a Ukrainian; he worked for many years in the Ukraine under Khrushchev.

These appointments and all the hullabaloo over the Chinese letter



Coexistence

Macpherson: Toronto Star

artists and writers who had been severely criticized in the past, he used a mixture of persuasion and threats. It wasn't, he said, a question of "excommunicating" anybody; but it was a case of explaining their errors to them, and of bringing them back to "the service of the people and the service of communism." And then came the warning:

At the same time there are some who imagine that this struggle of ours against ideological instability and perversions is merely a temporary campaign, and that it'll blow over, and that if they sit tight long enough, all will be forgotten. We say to these people: "No, this won't come off!" For this is not a temporary campaign. And the party is determined to enforce Leninist principles on the whole range of literary and artistic activity.

This, in short, is a warning to Nekrasov, Voznesensky, Yevtushenko and other writers who like them have not yet done their *mea culpa* or have done it, like Nekrasov, very half-heartedly. And the obvious punishment awaits them: they will not be sent to concentration camps, but nobody will be allowed to publish them.

Ilyichev referred to a scheme which, if adopted, will reinforce still further the centralized control of the party over all the arts: namely, the abolition of the Writers' Union, the Composers' Union, the Painters' Union, the Cinema Union, etc., and the fusion of all these organizations into one single Creative Workers' Union. In 1932, under Stalin, all the various writers' organizations were merged into the one and only Writers' Union which was placed under strict party control. The new reform would mean a still further centralization of the party control over all artistic activity.

The other speeches made at the Central Committee meeting lacked distinction. Mr. Khrushchev's son-in-law, Andrei Adjupei, tried to prove that even at the height of the terror in 1937, Khrushchev stood up to Stalin: Madame Furtseva, the Minister of Culture, admitted that her department had made many ideological mistakes; a representative of the Maritime Province on the Pacific said that it was all very well trying to cultivate the "pioneering spirit," but writers and artists who went out there al-

somehow stole the limelight from the main object of the June Central Committee meeting — the "ideological discussion." There had been some speculation lately on whether the highly unpleasant impression made on the young generation by Khrushchev's "Zhdanovite" or "Neo-Stalinist" speech of March 8 on questions of art and literature had not made the party leadership change its mind on a number of questions. At the Central Committee meeting, the big report on "ideology" was presented, not by Khrushchev, but by L. F. Ilyichev, the "ideological chief" of the party. Ilyichev, whom I had known for years in the past, first as editor of *Izvestia* and then as the Soviet Foreign Office press chief, is certainly one of the tough boys. This out-and-out Stalinite (as he then was) not only looks extraordinarily like the late A. Y. Vyshinsky, but also has the same sharp and somewhat snarling manner, and the same gift of gab. In his four-hour speech he covered the whole field of "ideology" — the purpose of which, he explained, was to create the "new Soviet man." He declared himself satisfied with "Soviet youth" as a whole; contrary to what the Chinese assert, he said there was no such thing as the class struggle in the Soviet Union any more. But there were, neverthe-

less, still plenty of black sheep. He took up once again the "myth" of the struggle between "fathers and sons." There was no such thing, he said. Stalin or no Stalin, the "fathers" were the people who had won gloriously the hardest of all the wars Russia had ever had to fight. The young generation was not uniformly good: there were the heroes of the Cosmos, there were the builders of new "industrial giants" in the wilds of Siberia; but there were also the ninnies and the softies and the neurotic young people, who were far from wholehearted in their "advance towards communism."

Ilyichev reserved for the end his discourse on art and literature. He fumed against "pessimistic" films, against war films in which the Russian soldiers figured as unhappy victims, rather than as heroes. He protested the Western idea that what was going on in Russia, especially among the young people, was a sort of "ideological erosion"; and reiterated that writers and artists must be "the faithful helpers" of the party in producing "inspiring" works of great educational value. And again, like Khrushchev in March, he denounced the very concept of "ideological coexistence" with the West.

He refrained from mentioning any names, but, in speaking of

ways hastened to get back to Lenin-grad or Moscow, and nobody wanted to settle down in the wilds. One speaker said that all this fuming against "modern art" was just a lot of hypocrisy: thus, a well-known critic who had thundered against the "degenerate" art of Neizvestny, himself bought one of his sculptures on the same day and paid for it 12,000 rubles.

On the face of it, the ideological

discussion was merely an endorsement of Khrushchev's famous discourse of March 8, but with the added warning that this represented a long-term policy, and that the writers and artists need expect no compromise or concessions. Perhaps, as Ehrenburg remarked after Khrushchev's speech, "it will take twenty years before there's a decent literature in Russia again." Twenty years is a long time; many Russian

writers today think that their fate will largely depend on whether Khrushchev strikes a bargain with the Chinese or with the West. If it's with the West, things will ease up again in the "ideological" line. As a young Russian writer recently wrote to me: "There is, at the moment, a great song and dance over Castro; but I think we'd be even happier if Kennedy came to Moscow."

The Voices of Birmingham David Cort

In a human maelstrom such as the fight for civil rights in Birmingham, Alabama, the press coverage necessarily loses the sounds, the voices, the accents and timbres; and so it may also lose, in the human way, the true dynamics of the mysterious equation.

A new kind of journalism has therefore been invented, and a brilliant example of it is the six-tape, six-hour series, "Birmingham: A Testament of Non-Violence," produced by Jack Summerfield for New York's FM radio station, WRVR, of the Riverside Baptist Church. Other radio stations may have the six tapes for \$96.50; nonprofit organizations for half that amount. [See also "Freedom Songs," page 57.]

The sequence opens jubilantly on Friday night, May 10, in St. John's Church in Birmingham. A victory celebration of 2,000 Negroes is honoring the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., for the integration agreement he had won from white business leaders of Birmingham. The Rev. Ralph Abernathy speaks:

"Gimme a big hand. Tonight is victory night. . . . A victory for Alabama, a victory for the white man, a victory for the United States of America, a victory for the free world everywhere. . . . Dis thing is not over as yet, an' we mus' still stick together. . . . If ah was breathin' mah las' breath," he wants one colleague holding one hand, Martin Luther King holding the other (pause) "and mah wife holding mah head." The tension lets go in a burst of tremendous applause and laughter. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The mood sobers and turns silent when Martin Luther King speaks with literate deliberation: "Birmingham is on the verge of becoming a great enlightened symbol, spreading its radiance over this whole nation." He gives thanks to the white people who also worked in the cause, but his first gratitude is given to God. "We must not see the present victory as a victory for the Negro. It is a victory for democracy. We must face our own shortcomings. We must not be overbearing or haughty in spirit. . . . The fitting rooms [in the department stores] will be integrated Monday." Later will come integration of water fountains and rest rooms; the hiring of Negro clerks and salesmen in the next sixty days; and "we want to see some Negro policemen." The Negroes' courage against police and hoses and tanks was what won the victory. He tells of a policeman's asking a six-year-old girl in a demonstration, "What do you want?" The child looked up and lisped "Freedom." The boycott will continue. "This boycott is really hurting; they admitted that behind closed doors." The next objective is to double the registered Negro voters in Birmingham.

Abernathy: "Let us all say Amen." "AMEN." "Let everybody say Amen." "AMEN."

King: "On Monday the children are to go to school just like nothing has ever happened." Then came a beautiful swell of singing, "We shall overcome some day," and a voice said, "Shall we lower our heads and close our eyes, as we hum, and let us each of us ask the Lord to come into us." With the superb background of the muted music, the prayer continues for five minutes.

On the following evening we are at the Ku Klux Klan barbecue and picnic. The commentary describes the guards in white uniforms with red ties, red shoulder stripes, jump boots and holstered pistols. Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton is in command: "Not only have we had the conspiracy of King and Abernathy . . . along with 'em known Communists plotting along with Martin Luther King, atheists or so-called ministers of the nigger race." Another voice is breathless, asthmatic or exhausted by rage: "If you are standing for God, you're our brother. Tonight we are facing the greatest darkness that this nation has ever faced. Tonight we as God-fearing men and women can turn Alabama upside down for God. . . . Don't you love your children? Wanna see 'em mongrelized?"

The Grand Dragons of Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Mississippi say a few words: "It is regretful that you are having these troubles. . . . King will be met with force. King and Kennedy are worse than Castro. We need to go back to the old-time religion time and the old-time Klan time. . . . In Atlanta they're puttin' on a show about Cleopatra, and Cleopatra is a black girl and she kisses a white boy. . . . You have just as much civil rights as any Communist. There will possibly be bloodshed in every state." "Black Communist conspiracy." "We'll prove up 'cause we got de artillery."

"The Negro has a sickle-shaped corpuscle that is a white child-killer. Black blood should be labeled in all hospitals 'cause the corpuscles are sickle-shaped. Years have been spent on this research work. It's

David Cort's newest book, Social Astonishments, will be published next month by Macmillan.

dangerous to hire a Negro. All she has to do is cut herself and put a drop of her blood in baby's food, and that baby will be dead in a year." (Sickle-cell anemia is an inheritable, but not a communicable, disease.)

A minister gives his blessing: "Heavenly Father, we are grateful. . . . We know that these things cannot prevail, for they are of the devil. The terrible tide of black tyranny. . . ."

As the meeting disperses, a voice is on the loudspeaker: "Please drive out carefully. Obey all traffic laws." A voice slightly off microphone interrupts: "Run over any niggers you see." First voice: "No, no. Wait till next year."

The tape does not bother to theorize whether these voices had anything to do with the bombings that same evening of the house of King's brother, the Rev. A. D. W. King, and of the Gaston Motel.

Instead we hear the very different choir of a mass of angry Negroes voicing immediate fury against the outrage. The leaders, including A. D. W. King, are heard telling the crowd to go home. "Why we go home? If they bomb us, why can't we bomb them? An eye for an eye."

"Even in the army you got a leader. You got one now. The leader says go home."

"Bull Connor was the cause of this. We are tired of this battle and we can't take no mo'." (An Italian store is being destroyed by the mob.) "Now we got a heart; we hate that." "We go too far." (The roof collapses.) "That's a doggone shame. You know that."

"I have sense. I would like to negotiate anything these people have to say."

"Birmingham is a poor excuse for a city, State of Alabama, the whole thing. It's a poor excuse for a city."

Meanwhile from the loudspeakers the leaders' voices come: "We don't want this to be a terrible night. Everybody go home. We can't do it like that. Overcome evil with good. Everybody go home."

A whining voice follows: it is that of the Imperial Wizard again: "You push a mule so far and he's gonna stop. . . . The Ku Klux Klan has done more than anybody in preserving law and order. . . . We're dedicated men."

Then Bull Connor, the police chief: "Martin Luther King, that

son of a bitch, he's the only one came here seeking violence. . . . Biggest racketeer that ever hit America. . . . Shakedown artist. He's down in the poolroom now preaching nonviolence."

The second tape ends with the King brothers telling a Negro audi-



ence: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do. . . . Even if some of us must die."

The drama quiets in the subsequent tapes, but the revelations continue.

Outgoing Mayor Arthur Hanes sounds a good deal better than the Klansmen; he has an arrogant talent for speaking for the mob: "Race is a birthright held in trust for posterity. . . . Birmingham is the last outpost of gracious living, warm hospitality." (In 1870 Birmingham was a cotton field.) "They were jealous of the fine conditions existing in Birmingham. . . . Dirty cess-pool cities in the North. . . . Washington, D.C., had five swimming pools for niggers and five for whites. They integrated the swimming pools and now they have ten pools for niggers. . . . There is nothing to negotiate with the niggers. They don't have a thing we want."

This last sounded like a valid, if harsh, point. For a moment Mr. Hanes seemed to have won an argument. And then one realizes that

the Birmingham Negroes have proved they have a great deal that the whites want: their trade, their labor, their collaboration in the society; that without these Hanes's splendid arrogance is bankrupt.

Hanes goes on to say that Birmingham Negroes have a higher standard of living than 80 per cent of the whites in the rest of the world, have four swimming pools, a golf course, recreation centers, tennis courts, playgrounds; 50 per cent own their own homes; the other 50 per cent rent five-room apartments for \$20 a month; 1,100 Negro schoolteachers, food-stamp programs and a free segregated hospital "to have their illegitimate babies." He evidently thinks of all this as being paid for exclusively by white taxes, i.e., "given" by the whites. He has a singular blind spot for taxes paid by Negroes.

His prime contempt is for the white businessmen who had negotiated with the Negroes the settlement celebrated on the first tape. "A naive, or dumb," member of this group had told Hanes that the Birmingham whites only needed to be led out of their prejudices: "We need a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness." Hanes quotes himself as having barked, "Yo' get yo' a black Moses." Hanes obviously makes a better Pharaoh.

Another superior type, an insurance executive, pins on Martin Luther King two sources of support: (1) the Communist Party, "keeping the entire country in discord"; and (2) a Rockefeller bank in New York (he thought the name began with "Chemical") which controls the \$100 million Birmingham Realty Co., and which supposedly gave the order to integrate, or else.

The liberal whites heard on the tapes are very weak. The best thing any of them says is that the expressions, "Ah love the Negro," or "Ah love niggers, goddamn 'em," are never used by people actually helping the Negroes. A generalized love of Negroes is not an issue. Loving the Negro is in fact a trick to deny him his individuality, the primary thing that proud Negroes are fighting for.

The Negro revolution, as heard from Birmingham, is in the most sacred American terms, of the Declaration and the Constitution and the Bible. The opposition almost inevitably must talk treason and sac-

rilege, and so it does. This alignment of the forces is primarily the achievement of Martin Luther King. On those terms, the Negro cause cannot possibly lose.

The voices of the Black Muslims and James Baldwin are reproduced, and are strikingly irrelevant; they are simply not in the fight at all. They are playing their own precious and self-obsessed games, aimed at fluttering the guilty white liberals, and signifying nothing. Baldwin cries out, "You, the white people, invented the nigger," a literary sentiment that would be worth \$3,000 in an elite white magazine but is worth nothing in Birmingham. If the Negro cause ever adopts these terms of shriek and whimper, it cannot possibly win.

It is not necessary to tell the Rev. Martin Luther King what the Klansmen, the Muslims, Hanes and Bull Connor evidently do not know: that this is a great, boiling nation of 187 million people who are in deadly earnest. The white segregationists seem to think that the Declaration and the Constitution and the Bible are small jokes; that the Civil War

was a tossed coin that came up tails, and might come up heads next time. If the South works hard enough at being the South, it is also working to re-create the old terrible North, and who knows but that it might succeed?

On the other hand, the Rev. Abernathy's congregation, all standing, recite: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America . . ." and conclude jubilantly, "with liberty and justice for all."

They sing songs: "I Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around." And "Black and white together, Deep in my heart I do believe, We shall overcome some day."

*When Jesus came to Birmingham
They simply passed him by;
They never hurt a hair of him;
They only let him die.
. . . Jesus crouched against a wall
And cried for Calvary.*

We hear the strategic theoretician, Dr. Bayard Rustin of the Fellowship of Reconciliation: "The business community at last, against its will, was forced to ally itself with civil rights. U.S. Steel must take a new look at civil rights. . . .

The new phase I predict is the phase of the use of mass action with non-violent disobedience and nonviolent non-cooperation. . . . Wave after wave of black people keep coming, with their white allies. . . ."

A white girl says, "I lived in New York one year and went to public school, and there were Negroes in school. It was so beautiful and here it is so ugly."

Abernathy: "You don't have to go to the same old churches over and over again. Dress properly. Have some money in your pocket. Hair fixed right. Feeling good and smelling good. Be nice and be courteous. Shake hands with the people worshiping around you, and shake hands with the minister. If they ask you to leave, quietly leave. Say you thought this was a church for all people."

An unnamed voice: "We know we're right. We're marching. Not with bombs; we don't need no bombs; we don't need no guns. Let the man who is weak carry guns. I don't need no gun. I have God."

On balance, this claim would seem to have some merit.

Blowing Barry's Horn Stanley Meisler

Washington, D.C.
On July 4, the National Armory in Washington looked like every Goldwater fan's dream of a Republican national convention: pretty girls and blaring bands and bunting and flags and hot dogs and spotlights and college kids and TV stars and gay placards and enormous portraits and cowbells and hooters and laughers; and everyone united for one man, not there, named Goldwater. The occasion was the National Draft Goldwater Independence Day Rally, staged by the National Draft Goldwater Committee to convince everyone (including Goldwater) that Barry means business.

At the least, the committee convinced reporters and politicians in Washington that it knew how to run a show. This is a feat sure to impress people in this town and to keep the committee above the "bunch of amateurs" class. The con-

Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

servative Republicans bent on nominating Goldwater would have lost face badly if the show had deteriorated into a hoarse, shoving melee, but things ran smoothly and with decorum. The committee, headed by Texas Republican Chairman Peter O'Donnell, Jr., had planned for weeks. Hotel reservations were set up for thousands of visitors. Suggestions for placards were issued (DON'T TARRY — Go BARRY; JFK — WE WILL BARRY YOU). More than 8,000 enthusiasts showed up, and Goldwater Girls ushered them to their seats. The fans tended to cluster by states (ONLY BARRY CAN CARRY MINNESOTA; ONLY BARRY CAN CARRY FLORIDA; BROOKLYN BACKS BARRY).

If anything, there was too much decorum. The speeches and shouting lacked some of the verve that might have been kindled if there had been an issue to divide the delegates. But everyone seemed agreed on one goal: Put Goldwater in and take the Socialists out. This

is not to say that the crowd was listless. But every once in a while it turned quiet, and the speakers had to pump pep into it with scare words (Stevenson, Schlesinger, Galbraith, Reuther).

Two themes dominated the rally: youth and Dixie. The crowd was young, more than half of it good, clean, American well-off college kids. The pretty Goldwater Girls, strolling about in fringed red, white and blue sashes and ten-gallon hats, looked like Kennedy Girls kidnaped from the 1960 convention. The college crowd didn't enjoy Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.'s attempt to twist an old anti-Goldwater joke to Barry's advantage: the one suggesting that the handsome Barry should go to Hollywood and join 18th Century-Fox. Zimbalist wasn't forgiven even when he explained that that would put Barry with Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and the rest. The young people much preferred to think of their

The NATION

hero as the space-age man (P-T BOATS ARE OUT OF DATE, WE'VE GOT A SPACE-AGE CANDIDATE). One giant photo showed Barry in jet pilot fatigues, his collar open, his T-shirt showing, his hair messed, his eyes squinting in the sun — the perfect model for a Camel television spot.

Some Confederate flags flew, and everyone received a song sheet that included *The Star-Spangled Banner*, *America the Beautiful*, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, *God Bless America* and *Dixie*. The speakers declared confidently that their man could win all the South's 128 electoral votes. With a series of slides, the committee showed that this bloc, with the near-solid Midwest and Mountain states would help give Barry 301 votes, 31 more than needed for election. They tossed to Kennedy almost all the Northeast, including his home state. This outraged some Boston Young Republicans (ONLY BARRY CAN CARRY MASSACHUSETTS), who shouted, "No, no, no."

The racial problem was ignored by all the speakers and placards during the evening. However, the speakers, in the tradition of rousing political rallies, spent little time on any specific issues, except to demand less socialism and more action on Cuba. Most of the speeches were good, biting partisan fun,



Parker

aimed, it seemed, more at Stevenson, Schlesinger, Galbraith and Reuther than at anyone whom Goldwater might conceivably face in convention or elections.

Zimbalist seemed a little dreary on the political stump, telling the crowd that Barry is an inch taller than Jack and the taller man always wins. Another Hollywood star, Walter Brennan, knew his role better. He cried he was for Goldwater and, when pressed to say more, recalled an anecdote, the point of which was that when a comedian has nothing funny to say, he should sit down. He then sat down. The other speakers, Governor Paul Fan-

nin of Arizona, Rep. John Ashbrook of Ohio, Senator Carl Curtis of Nebraska and Senator John Tower of Texas, supplied the kind of oratory that Barry might have used on his admirers if he hadn't been, as Fannin put it, "back home riding a bronco." One surprise speaker, Enrique Llaca, Jr., a Cuban veteran of the Bay of Pigs invasion, delivered the most emotional speech of the evening. It was a plea for the liberation of Cuba, and an endorsement of Barry as the man to do it. The crowd whooped, and waved its signs (BARRY SI, ROCKY NO).

Although the racial issue was dormant in the almost all-white crowd inside the armory, it was stirring outside. Neatly dressed Black Muslims hawked copies of *Muhammad Speaks*. I asked one if he had sold many copies. "Oh yes," he lied. After the rally, seven storm troopers of George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party picketed the armory. They had a grudge against Goldwater: he was a "race mixer." Someone handed out broadsheets to the Goldwater fans. The sheets called Barry the "Arizona Israelite" and a "Jew phony."

But these were minor notes—lost in a rhapsody for Barry. After the rally, Governor Fannin told a newsman: "I don't see how he can possibly resist this kind of demonstration." He probably won't.

South Africa

ENCLAVES OF TROUBLE Jack Halpern

Very few people in Britain, let alone in America, could have understood the significance of the recent news items which reported that British troops had been air-lifted into Swaziland, a tiny British protectorate embedded in South Africa's eastern edge. But the significance of this unprecedented move has not been lost on African leaders, and it may well affect, strongly

Jack Halpern, a correspondent for the London Observer and the New Statesman, is stationed in Salisbury, South Africa. He recently revisited Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland in connection with a book on those territories which he is now completing for the Penguin African Library.

and in the near future, the delicate disequilibrium which today characterizes Great Britain's attitude toward apartheid.

The occasion of the British troop move was a strike of underpaid and regimented Swazi workers in one of the world's largest asbestos mines, Havelock. This extremely profitable mine is owned by the giant British concern, Turner & Newall, and the whole operation could well have stirred in Americans old memories of intervention by Marines in what were once contemptuously called Banana Republics.

The strike was illegal according to the archaic labor decrees promul-

gated by Britain's Commissioner for Swaziland, who rules the country without the advice even of a legislative council. After more than half a century of British protection, Swaziland is only now about to be granted such a body, and the strikers have been protesting both against their low wages and against this proposed council's undemocratic composition.

Finding his local police force neither strong nor enthusiastic enough to break the strike, and fearing a breakdown of law and order, Britain's man-on-the-spot wired London, and troops of the Gordon Highlanders were promptly flown out via Kenya and with the

assistance of Sir Roy Welensky's Royal Rhodesian Air Force. After two days, the colonel commanding the air-lifted Scots announced that if the strike-bound mine were not back in operation on the third day he would be "a most disappointed man."

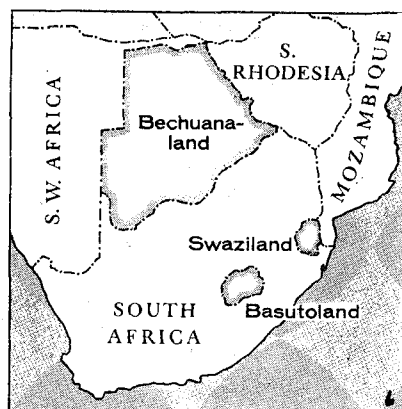
Something more than disappointment was, however, expressed by Kenya's governing party, led by its newly installed Prime Minister, Jomo Kenyatta. Thundering that it was "appalled that the British Government is using our country as a military base from which troops are being sent to oppress our brothers in Swaziland," Kenyatta's party promised to support any action the Kenya Government might take "as a result of this latest move by the imperialists," and reiterated both its long-standing demand for the evacuation of Britain's military base in Kenya and for even faster progress on Kenya's last lap toward its now-imminent independence from Britain.

In its angry outburst, the party also attacked the "slow progress" being made by Britain in granting independence to Swaziland and its sister territories of Basutoland and Bechuanaland, and claimed that Britain's policy toward these three protectorates is being influenced by "Verwoerd's Fascist regime."

This accusation brings us to the wider significance of the current events in Swaziland.

A glance at the map will show that Swaziland, Basutoland and Bechuanaland, commonly known as the High Commission Territories, are all geographically part of South Africa. Basutoland, in particular, is a tiny, mountainous territory completely surrounded by Dr. Verwoerd's republic. Swaziland, also very small, has a border with another country, but this country is Dr. Salazar's Mozambique and can hardly be counted a helpful neighbor. Bechuanaland, alone of the three, has both space and a meeting point with a black-governed African state, Northern Rhodesia.

All three High Commission Territories are, in addition, economically dependent to a high degree on South Africa, which has only recently relinquished a long-standing demand for their physical incorporation.



In line with its postwar African policy, Great Britain has lately promised to advance the peoples of the territories toward democratic self-government. The Afro-Asian bloc at the UN, through the Committee on Colonialism, has demanded that this be done, not "with all deliberate speed" but "here and now." The Afro-Asians have sought, so far unsuccessfully, the active support of the United States in pushing Britain into carrying out its claim that it is making Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland "shop-windows of the British way of life" and "outposts of Commonwealth in South Africa."

One might well ask why, having made such ringing statements, Britain should need so much international pushing. The smooth answer to this lies in Britain's ambiguous diplomatic relationship with South Africa; the brutal answer is that £1 billion (sterling pounds) of British capital is invested in South Africa, and earning fat dividends. All three territories have overwhelmingly African majorities. Quite clearly, every move that Britain permits them toward democracy must contrast starkly with the sordid farce of white-controlled, stooge-run, "Bantu self-rule," with which Dr. Verwoerd tries to justify apartheid.

Neither Prime Minister Macmillan nor his predecessors have really "got tough" with South Africa. On the contrary, acute observers noted that in the now famous 1960 Cape Town speech in which Macmillan coined the much quoted phrase, about "the winds of change" blowing in Africa, he spent a major part of his time reassuring white South Africa that, however much their public moral attitudes might differ, Britain and

South Africa would remain intimately linked by bonds of industry and trade. But action on the territories must antagonize the Afrikaner guardians of British investments.

For even the grossly imperfect democracy which Britain is presently prepared to concede to Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland antagonizes Dr. Verwoerd. He is running a system which depends for its success on isolating South Africa from Africa's "winds of change"; he cannot lightly tolerate "shop-windows of the British way of life," however shabbily they may be stocked.

What is even more immediately to the point, the High Commission Territories have assumed a major importance as havens for some of Verwoerd's persecuted opponents, and as an escape route for others in enforced flights to freedom.

In all three territories a good number of South African political refugees have been granted asylum by the British authorities, and every week brings fresh news of others who have stolen across the long and largely deserted border into Bechuanaland and have then made their way via Northern Rhodesia to Tanganyika and freedom.

Despite restrictions placed by the British on their political activities, South African refugees who have reached the High Commission Territories naturally tend to continue their anti-apartheid battle from their new "safe base," and certainly those who reach Tanganyika immediately continue their struggle.

From Verwoerd's point of view, the situation came to a head in March of this year when Potlako Leballo, wanted by the South African police as a leader of that country's banned Pan-Africanist Congress, announced from his office in Basutoland that he had 30,000 underground terrorists in South Africa waiting for the word to rise.

This rising, Leballo made clear, would be directed by him from Basutoland, in whose inaccessible mountains he boasted of having set up a guerrilla warfare training operation. What is more, Leballo reportedly said that the banned Pan-Africanist Congress was "one and the same thing" as the much discussed Poquo terrorist movement in South Africa.

The South African Government could hardly remain indifferent to Leballo's much publicized statements, and in any case it had no wish to do so. So the official Verwoerd press seized on Leballo's wild Basutoland outbursts, and made increasingly threatening statements about Basutoland and its sister protectorates being used as "bases of subversion."

In the nature of things, too, the British authorities could not ignore the implications of Leballo's announcements. At the beginning of April the Basutoland police raided his office, and seized an extensive list of underground Poquo cells operating in South Africa.

There has been the most vehement debate about subsequent allegations of cooperation between British Basutoland and Union of South Africa police. This has been repeatedly denied in the British Parliament, where categorical assurances have been given that the seized list was not handed over to South Africa. It is impossible to establish what did in fact happen, but it is a fact that the two police forces regularly cooperate both in criminal and in political surveillance, and that many senior Basutoland police officers are of South African origins.

Whatever took place, South African police began, within hours after the Basutoland list was seized, a well-informed and massive series of raids and arrests which must have reduced whatever may have existed of the Poquo organization to ruins. The South Africans claim that they seized the information from a directive which Leballo's secretary was about to post just inside the South African border to all Poquo cells. Leballo himself es-

caped arrest in Basutoland, but has not been heard from since.

The diplomatic repercussions of this whole affair were soon felt. Dr. Verwoerd said bluntly in the South African Parliament that Britain must "expect retaliation" if it allowed political refugees in the High Commission Territories to organize revolution against South Africa. Britain had to draw a distinction between political refugees and militant refugees who fled only to continue their struggle from foreign soil.

This has provoked an uncommonly spirited reply from the British Government. An authorized spokesman said that "the problem of political activity against South Africa from the Protectorates is not of our creation, but is the result of the policies of the South African Government." The British spokesman did add, however, that Britain had assured South Africa that it was taking seriously its obligation to prevent violence and subversion in the protectorates.

Things have not, however, rested there. Even before this episode Dr. Verwoerd had announced a complete change in the long-standing relationship between South Africa and the protectorates. For the first time, strict and permanent border controls are now being imposed. Thirty-six armed posts are being set up at strategic points, and a huge fenced camp has been erected on the Basutoland border for the "screening" of Basuto coming into South Africa. Helicopters and mobile patrols are being brought in to help patrol the hundreds of miles of barbed wire fencing being erected on all three borders (ostensibly to control cattle).

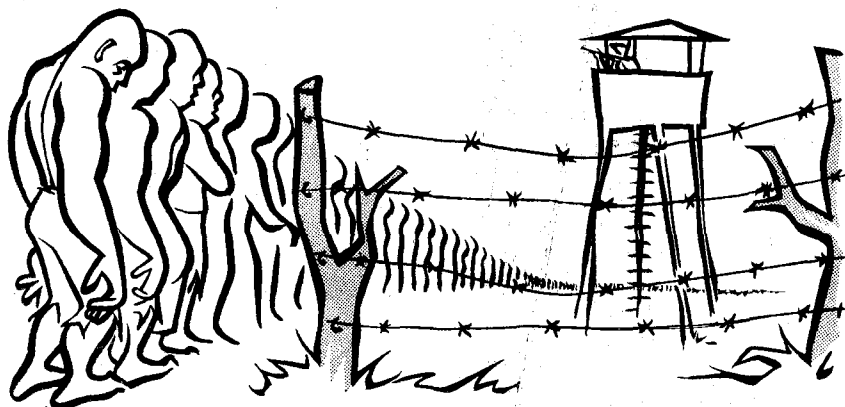
The point about these measures is that, primarily, they are not di-

rected against political refugees, but at squeezing out of South Africa as many as possible of the tens of thousands of migratory workers who are forced by the poverty of their British-protected homelands to seek work in South Africa. Hitherto they have been treated, for work purposes, like local Africans in the Republic; now they are foreigners. It is a grim indictment of Britain's past record in Africa that hundreds of thousands of Africans find themselves obliged to trek hundreds of miles and endure the humiliations of apartheid in order to feed on its economic crumbs. Basutoland is so poor that more than 40 per cent of its adult male population is working outside the country at any given time. Swaziland and Bechuanaland depend much less on the earnings of migratory laborers, but these still play a vital role in their economies.

Britain thus faces a challenge on the economic front as important as the political challenge. For though she has ruled the territories for many decades, Britain spent not a single penny on their economic development until 1945. Aided by rudimentary health services (chiefly mission supplied), the populations have grown. So has their dependence on finding work in South Africa, and on getting an agreed (and until now, pooled) percentage of South African customs revenue (Basutoland today depends upon this for over half its normal revenue).

A little British money *has* been spent since the war, but *little* is the operative word. In 1960 a World Bank economic mission under Professor Chandler Morse recommended the urgent expenditure of some £9 million in the three protectorates. This would, the mission said, bring economic viability within reach for Swaziland (which is bursting with asbestos and iron ore), make it a probability for cattle-ranching Bechuanaland (which is the size of France but has only 350,000 inhabitants), and give eroded and endemically overpopulated Basutoland a fighting chance to survive. Nine million pounds is not a large sum, especially for three countries. So far Britain has found £1.8 million.

It is quite clear what Verwoerd's aim is with regard to the protectorates. The paradox of these territor-



ies is that the poorest, Basutoland, has no white settlers and is politically highly militant, while the richest, Swaziland, has until recently been almost asleep politically under white South African farmers and a powerful feudal African ruler. By labor influx control and by revising the common customs agreement so that each territory will be paid a direct share, Verwoerd will have placed himself in a position to squeeze politically troublesome Basutoland to economic death while sparing fat South African investments in Swaziland. When they lent themselves to the revision of the customs arrangements, the British laid themselves open to the charge that they are playing Verwoerd's game. If Britain continues to starve the protectorates of the trifling sums which would give them a

chance of resisting Verwoerd's pressures, it will in African eyes indict itself on this charge as surely as if it handed all three over to South Africa. And if it continues to limit their political progress, it will miss the chance of showing, especially in white-settled Swaziland and Bechuanaland, that non-racial democracy can work in South Africa. Nor can the United States indefinitely avoid committing itself; it has heavy investments in the protectorates.

It has been argued by British apologists that South Africa would not tolerate independent protectorates, and that Britain, unable to protect them physically against absorption by Verwoerd, acts in their best interests by limiting political advance. Whatever past impact this line of argument may have had on

the Afro-Asians in the UN has presumably vanished with the Swaziland air-lift. If troops can be flown in to break a strike, then why not to guarantee legitimate independence?

But that is by the way. Verwoerd is unlikely to invite UN intervention in his own heartland by physical attack upon the protectorates. He will rely on economic pressures, and this sets a different challenge for Britain. Having sloughed off Kenya, and with the Rhodesian Federation being dismantled, Britain will now face the fact that Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland are her final direct responsibilities in Africa. In them she has a last but fast-vanishing chance, and that at ludicrously low cost, to write a decent conclusion to her colonial history.

Fair Bail for All William M. Kunstler

No one knows exactly when the custom of bailing persons accused of crime began, but as far as England is concerned, it undoubtedly antedated the Norman Conquest. Initially, bail was intended more as a convenience to the sheriff than as a boon to the prisoner. Not only did it make the administration of justice considerably cheaper by reducing the jail population during the long period between arrest and trial, but it did so without significant risk to the Crown. Since the accused's friends were personally responsible for his appearance, defaults were extremely rare.

Originally, the decision as to whether to admit a defendant to bail was in the hands of the sheriff. When that official began to abuse his powers in this respect, the function was taken over by the courts. The British judges, however, continued the practice of requiring personal sureties who were not even permitted to enter into indemnity agreements with the defendant. In 1688, a prohibition against excessive bail, which later found its way into the Eighth Amendment

to the United States Constitution, was enacted by Parliament.

In this country, the personal surety has all but disappeared. His place has been taken by the professional bondsman who, for a substantial premium and the posting of satisfactory collateral security, will guarantee the accused's court appearances. This peculiarly American institution has had a significant—and unfortunate—effect on the bail system. No matter how carefully courts may make their bail determinations, the defendant's release, in most cases, usually hinges on his ability to satisfy the bonding company as to his financial stability.

But the courts themselves have not been particularly equitable in the setting of bail. Although both the federal Rules of Criminal Procedure and the laws of almost every state provide for mandatory bail in all but capital cases, the decision as to the amount is usually controlled by committing magistrates, who seem to be more concerned with the nature of the charge, the possible penalty, the apparent weight of the evidence and the character and financial condition of the defendant, than with the amount necessary to insure his appearance at trial. As a result, more

often than not, bail is higher than it ought to be under all the circumstances of any given case.

Bail that is beyond the financial means of a defendant is, in effect, a refutation of the presumption that he is innocent until proven otherwise. In a 1951 decision, the Supreme Court recognized this dichotomy. "This traditional right to freedom before conviction," it stated, "permits the unhampered preparation of a defense and serves to prevent the infliction of punishment prior to conviction. . . . Unless this right to bail before trial is preserved, the presumption of innocence, secured only after centuries of struggle, would lose its meaning." Yet in New York County in 1960, 1,476 defendants spent more than thirty days in jail between arraignment and adjudication. The charges against ninety-six of these persons, five of whom had been imprisoned for longer than three months, were eventually dismissed.

Since late 1961, students of the New York University School of Law, under the supervision of the Vera Foundation, have been engaged in an experiment known as the Manhattan Bail Project. The undertaking is designed to (1)

William M. Kunstler teaches law at New York Law School and Pace College. He is the author of The Case for Courage, Beyond a Reasonable Doubt, First Degree and other books.

furnish committing magistrates with adequate basic information about defendants; (2) study the effects of pre-trial release on the eventual disposition of criminal cases; and (3) explore the use of parole (i.e., release of the defendant on his own recognizance) as a bail substitute. Locale of the project is Part 1A of the Criminal Court, the first stop for New York County's adults accused of crime.

Of the thirty or so new defendants who fill the court's detention pens each morning, the project's staff interviews all except those charged with, or having, a previous record of certain serious crimes. This interview, which is based on a four-page questionnaire designed to elicit information relevant to pre-trial release, will determine whether the subject should be investigated further before his initial arraignment.

In general, the interviewers are concerned with five factors:

1. *Present or recent residence at the same address for at least six months;*
2. *current or recent employment for six months or more;*
3. *relatives in New York City with whom the defendant is in more or less regular contact;*
4. *no previous conviction for crime;*
5. *residence in New York City for ten or more years.*

If an accused meets one of these criteria, or partially meets at least two, an attempt is made to verify the information he has supplied. If, after such verification, it is decided to recommend that defendant be paroled on his own recognizance pending trial, a written summary of the pertinent information is sent to a student stationed in the courtroom.

The latter, who has been furnished with a chart on which the questionnaire numbers of all of the day's cases have been distributed at random and designated, by chance, as either experimental (E) or control (C), will communicate only those that fall within the E group to the judge, the district attorney and the defense counsel. After the recommendation is read into the record, the judge makes his decision as to pre-trial release.

Between October 16, 1961, and September 20, 1962, the project's staff offered 363 parole recommendations to the court, of which 215 were accepted. During this

same period, only 14 per cent of the defendants in the C group were paroled. In addition, the bail set for a substantial number of non-paroled defendants in the E group was lower than that which had been the custom in similar cases where information of the type furnished by the project was unavailable.

Of the parolees in the E group, 59 per cent were eventually found not guilty. In contrast, only 23 per cent of those in the C group who had been in custody from arrest to trial were acquitted. Moreover, 21 per cent of the convicted parolees, compared to 96 per cent of the detention defendants, were given prison sentences. While these statistics, particularly those as to punishment, might be more a tribute to the project's selective process than anything else, they justify further investigation in this area.

To date, 250 persons have been paroled because of the project's recommendations. Of these, only three have jumped parole. In 1960, 101 out of 1,395 persons who were paroled or released on bail in New York County failed to appear for trial. It would seem that the project's appraisals are considerably more reliable than those of the judges.

In any event, the project's findings, although concededly still at an early stage, have been sufficiently impressive to stimulate a similar parole-recommendation service at the Women's House of Detention in New York City. In July of 1962, the project's staff began to interview pre-trial inmates of this city-wide institution. Although parole recommendations were not made until after bail had been set, and then had to be sent to all five counties of the city, the necessary delays did not stand in the way of a substantial reduction in the number of women in detention. As a result, the city has decided to continue this service indefinitely.

A study of 3,459 prosecutions handled by Manhattan's Court of General Sessions (now absorbed by the new Criminal Court) in 1960 bears out the project's conclusion that pre-trial release has some effect on the ultimate disposition of a defendant's case. For example, only 23 per cent of those charged with assault who were at liberty until their trials, were convicted, as

compared with 59 per cent of those who were detained. As far as sentences were concerned, those paroled or on bail fared far better than those in jail, receiving a substantially greater number of suspended sentences.

The Manhattan Bail Project has two more years to run. Herbert Sturz, Executive Director of the Vera Foundation, is hopeful that, during that time, it can produce a firm statistical basis for determining whether parole can be useful in a substantial number of cases. Such a result, of course, will depend in large measure on virtually full acceptance by the courts of the project's recommendations. Mr. Sturz seems confident that this plateau has already been reached.

Meanwhile, it might be helpful to summarize the project's recently released interim report. First of all, the pre-arraignment investigation procedure has apparently proved to be both practicable and satisfactory. Secondly, almost every defendant released on parole has returned for trial. Lastly, parolees have fared at least as well at trial as bailed defendants and infinitely better than those who have been forced to remain in jail before adjudication.

Assuming that the next two years continue to bear out the project's faith in pre-trial parole for those who cannot afford bail, it may well be that the inequities inherent in the present bail system will be eliminated. If bail is an irrelevancy for the impoverished defendant, it would seem that a new approach is called for. "No system of equal justice," the report declares, "can tolerate this sort of discrimination against the poor if reasonable alternatives exist."

The parole system is certainly a reasonable alternative. However, because of the careful selection procedure employed by the Manhattan Bail Project, the low number of parole-jumpers cannot be accepted at more than token value until more statistical data is available. Until such time, it is to be hoped that the price of pre-trial liberty should be no greater than that necessary to insure the defendant's presence in the courtroom. Any other criteria not only reflect a basic misunderstanding of the purpose of bail, but subvert the ends of justice.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

John Adams and His Wife, Abigail

ADAMS FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE. Vol 1: December 1761-May 1776.(424 pp.) Vol. 2: June 1776-March 1778. (490 pp.) L. H. Butterfield, editor. Harvard University Press. \$17.50 set.

Loren Baritz

When the first four volumes of *The Adams Papers* were published, it came as a pleasant discovery that John Adams was a human being instead of a pedantic and disembodied political theorist. Now, with these first two volumes of the *Adams Family Correspondence*, the revival of the human John Adams goes much further: it becomes obvious that he was a man of enormous warmth and charm. His wife is shown through her own letters to have been an articulate and gentle lady whose continuous and direct commentary on her world is an invaluable record about the daily business of staying alive during the path to and first phase of the American Revolution.

The editors — L. H. Butterfield, W. D. Garrett and M. E. Sprague — have again had their scholarship enclosed in a beautiful physical product; the binding, paper, printing and illustrations make these volumes a pleasure to handle, see and settle down with. The substantive editing can elicit only gratitude.

The span of these volumes reaches from December, 1761 to March, 1778, from the period when John Adams was still trying to establish himself as a successful provincial lawyer to the moment when he landed in France as one of the ministers of the revolutionary government in America. The correspondence of John Adams and his wife Abigail constitutes the heart of this series, though the editors have wisely included the letters of many of the couple's relatives, and selected letters to and from friends. It is a wide-ranging correspondence, with John and Abigail Adams remaining always at or near the center of events.

Abigail Adams always dealt gently with her husband, at least in

these letters. When, for example, he wrote in April, 1764 that "Intimacy with the most of People, will bring you acquainted with Vices and Errors, and Follies enough to make you despise them," she answered: "Sometimes you know, I think you too severe, and that you do not make quite so many allowances as Humane Nature requires, but perhaps this may be owing to my unacquaintedness with the World." As the difficulties of her own situation increased — with the departure of her husband to Congress, and the uncertainties of impending war in her own neighborhood — Abigail Adams began to see more of the world and think less well of her fellow creatures:

I am more and more convinced that Man is a dangerous creature, and that power whether vested in many or a few is ever grasping, and like the grave cries give, give. . . . You tell me of degrees of perfection to which Humane Nature is capable of arriving, and I believe it, but at the same time lament that our admiration should arise from the scarcity of the instances.

That anyone would chide John Adams for his supposed rosy view of man is a marvel indeed.

Her conventional caution in matters of her own marriage did not extend to politics. In September, 1774, when John Adams was attending the first Continental Congress, she wrote to him about slavery in language that makes us imagine the private talks they must have had on the subject:

I wish most sincerely there was not a Slave in the province. It always appeared a most iniquitous Scheme to me — fight ourselves for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this Subject.

If the revolutionary zeal of Mrs. Adams did not exceed that of her husband, at least she kept pace with him. As early as 1774 she was writing of "a redress by the Sword," of the alternative of "Liberty or Death." John Adams, in April, 1776, tried to persuade her to calm her political passion: "As to Declarations of Independence, be patient. Read our Privateering Laws, and our Commercial Laws.

What signifies a Word." She protested the exclusion of the attack on slavery in the Declaration of Independence, and after the outbreak of the war continued to urge a more vigorous prosecution of American affairs.

These two volumes document the loneliness and frequent frustration of long separations at times when one or the other partner was in danger or trouble and when the other could do no more than commiserate, and even that usually weeks after the event. After Lexington and Concord, John Adams grew increasingly fearful about the physical safety of his family; his advice to his wife gives their situation an immediacy that is difficult to find elsewhere: "In Case of real Danger . . . fly to the Woods with our Children."

Throughout the period John Adams wrote advice and encouragement about the management of the farm and about the financial pressure of living in an increasingly intense inflation. He relied on his wife to supply information about Massachusetts that he could use in Congress at Philadelphia, and she pleaded for more letters from him to ease her loneliness. He was away from home when an epidemic killed one of their daughters and Mrs. Adams' mother, when a daughter was stillborn, and when his entire family took the quite serious step of smallpox inoculation. In July, 1776, during the confinement of his family for the inoculation, he was torn between private and public duty:

I am very anxious about supply-

Maintenant

Over gold lilies in the dusk
a lemon moon drips antique honey
and time is in the hand.

The loved and loving are together
with human intellect and vision
to apprehend the spell.

Hemlock, willow, birch, and elm,
like holy sisters—nuns or dryads—
signal past the eye

and past the ear the frogs declare
a credo of desire, a power
of passion over death.

Earth is a room. When faith is tenant
the resurrecting year ensures
a habitat for love.

Dilys Laing

The NATION

Loren Baritz, author of *The Servants of Power*, is a member of the History Department of the University of Rochester.

ing you with Money. Spare for nothing, if you can get Friends to lend it you. I will repay with Gratitude as well as Interest, any sum that you may borrow. — I shall feel like a Savage to be here, while my whole Family is sick at Boston. But it cannot be avoided. I cannot leave this Place, without more Injury to the public now, than I ever could at any other Time, being in the Midst of scaenes of Business, which must not stop for any Thing.

Mrs. Adams suffered loneliness but complained only rarely: "I want to say many things I must omit, it is not fit to wake the Soul by tender strokes of art, or to Ruminare upon happiness we might enjoy, least absence become intolerable." On their thirteenth wedding anniversary she noted that they had been separated for a total of three years, and hoped that the public's welfare and gratitude would compensate for her own unhappiness. But when Adams was elected as a minister to France she could not find her usual restraint; in mid-December, 1777, she heard of his appointment before he knew of it himself (he was again away on legal business) and she exploded to her informant: "Your Letters [announcing Adams' appointment] arrived in the absence of Mr. Adams who is gone as far as Portsmouth, little thinking of your plot against him. O Sir you who are possessed of Sensibility, and a tender Heart, how could you contrive to rob me of all my happiness?" She was finally convinced that the trip was too dangerous for her and she agreed to remain in America, though agreeing to allow John Quincy Adams to accompany his father.

The total record adds up to the voluntary personal sacrifices one family underwent out of its sense of duty and loyalty. I think that, at least as far as this correspondence goes, John Adams was forced into world affairs by his own fortunately hypertrophied puritanical conscience, and that, vain though he certainly was, he would have genuinely preferred the pleasures of his house, farm and family. Of course he enjoyed participating in and shaping grand affairs, but he paid a personal price that was high. His and his wife's dedication to the public weal deserves nothing less than the magnificent editorial attention they are now receiving, and the thanks of a nation that has not yet learned to think of him as a reliable republican, much less as perhaps the prime mover of America's independence and political structure.

July 27, 1963

History by Commission

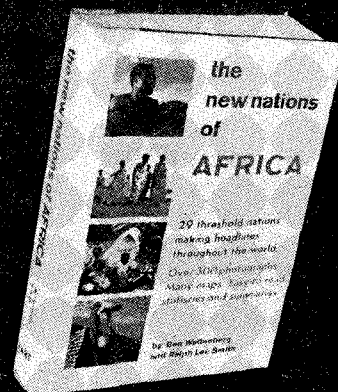
PREHISTORY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION. By Jacqueline Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley. (Vol. 1 of the UNESCO History of Mankind: Cultural and Scientific Development.) Harper & Row. 873 pp. \$12.50.

Glyn Daniel

Universal histories have been written in various ways: by a single man, by a large team of specialists, each writing a single chapter (as in the Cambridge Histories), or by a small group of authors, each writing a volume. When UNESCO decided to produce its History of the Scientific and Cultural

Development of Mankind ("to embrace the past in its entirety and to sum up all that we know about the past" as the Director-General of UNESCO says, rather grandly and oddly, in the preface to this, the first volume of the History), they set up a commission and the commission decided on the third method. They chose an international panel of authors to write six volumes. "The author-editors," we are told, "would be fully responsible for the text, but they would work under the supervision of, and in collaboration with, the editorial committee of the commission; they would benefit by the assistance of

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scholars, designated by them, to deal with special chapters, and if necessary, sections could be referred to specialists." It is perhaps surprising that the commission could find authors willing to work under these special conditions: that they did find Jacquetta Hawkes and the late Sir Leonard Woolley (replacing the late Henri Frankfurt) for Volume 1 is a matter of congratulation for them and for ourselves.

Professor Bandi was appointed "consultant" for Part I of the volume (Jacquetta Hawkes on the Palaeolithic and Neolithic) and Professor Leclant for Part II (Woolley on The Beginnings of Civilisation). Each chapter ends with notes edited by these consultants: many of these notes represent quite worthless minority views, or points already rejected by the authors. The Director-General of UNESCO is self-congratulatory on this process of producing a history book: "Never before has what I may call the decentralisation of viewpoints and interpretations been carried so far in the science of history." And never again, we hope. This is not the way to write history well; our sympathies go out to the two authors who have suffered from a process of supervision, collaboration, assistance, reference and consultation. During it all, the spirit and verve and originality of these two lively, enthusiastic and knowledgeable writers has suffered. The result is emasculated, unexciting, uninspiring — a sound, useful, comprehensive survey with little originality and less individuality.

There are sections on the history of Palaeolithic, Mesolithic, Neolithic and Bronze Age cultures and then analyses of these cultures from the point of view of mind, society, art, religion, economy. Jacquetta Hawkes is particularly good, as might be expected, in her sections on art and religion. Her general section on the history of Neolithic cultures still smacks of the last (1957) edition of Gordon Childe's *Dawn of European Civilisation*. Her outlook on problems of Neolithic origins still seems pervaded by the Childe-modified diffusionism of the late twenties and early thirties, and while she is fully prepared to accept the independent origin of agriculture in America and of pottery in many places, she does not face squarely the strong possibility of independent Neolithic origins in south China and west Africa and the now widely accepted view of the independent

origin of megalithic monuments in many parts of the world, and, for that matter, several parts of Europe. Hitherto, Leonard Woolley's writings have been confined (apart from general books) to excavations and syntheses of excavations in the Near East. It is therefore refreshing here to read him, not only on Mesopotamia and the Fertile Crescent, but also on the birth of civilization in Egypt, Anatolia, India and China. He faces the problems of urbanization and literacy in all these areas fairly and well. Both writers have much to say about the Indo-Europeans and their effects on prehistory and ancient history.

We may complain at the method by which this history was written, but if UNESCO had not set out on their scheme we might never have had the syntheses and summaries of these two authors, and that would be a pity. It

is nowhere clear exactly for whom this history is being written. The general reader will find the initial volume too detailed and too cumbersome, but it will be of value to the professional student of prehistory and ancient history as a reasonable picture of contemporary scholarship in these fields. It is well illustrated with plates, text figures, charts and maps and is very good value for the money. In short, a useful and worth-while book — if we forget the UNESCO blarney at the beginning and the many strange footnotes by consultants and advisers.

Glyn Daniel, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in Archaeology, is the author most recently of The Idea of Prehistory (World Publishing Co.). In addition to many books in his field, Professor Daniel is also a writer of detective stories.

Return to Relevance

AMERICAN FICTION. By D. E. S. Maxwell. Columbia University Press. 306 pp. \$5.

THE AMERICAN VISION. By A. N. Kaul. Yale University Press. 340 pp. \$7.

Allen Guttman

"Where," asked Mike Gold of a novel that ignored the economic problems of the 1930s, "are the child slaves of the beet fields?" Where, asked Granville Hicks in *The Great Tradition* (1933), are the poets and novelists whose fiery indictments of capitalism might well have helped to forge a Socialist society? The questions seem naive. Proletarian literature and Marxist critiques have for almost twenty years been out of style. The dominant critics today are analyzing "the words on the page," anatomizing books into archetypal patterns of irony, paradox and ambiguity, revealing fabulous designs of love and death. Rare among "myth critics" is the Henry Nash Smith or R. W. B. Lewis who moves from literature to politics; and among students there is too frequent a tendency to see Irving Howe's *Politics and the Novel* as a hippogriff among the purebred in the Art-for-Art's-Sake game preserve.

Allen Guttman is the author of The Wound in the Heart: America and the Spanish Civil War (Free Press). Mr. Guttman teaches English and American Studies at Amherst College.

But change is in the air. Something more than token integration threatens the segregated spheres of Art and Life. Marius Bewley's *The Eccentric Design* (1959) cautiously explored political and economic themes. Two new studies indicate an increased readiness to acknowledge that the form of a book is sometimes less important than what earlier critics called "the message." Neither D. E. S. Maxwell nor A. N. Kaul rushes from a rejection of New Criticism to Leon Trotsky's dictum that "art is a weapon," but both insist on the mutual relevance of politics and literature. They differ from Marxist (and Freudian) critics of the 1930s in their emphasis on literature as a critique of society rather than as the product of economic conditions, class struggle or domestic trauma. They differ also from the sociological critics who helped V. L. Parrington demote Poe, James and other writers who withdrew from the direct attack on contemporary society.

Maxwell's book is polemical. He devotes pages to a rakish attack on "the fashionable cult of critical chastity," and, charging across "narrowed frontiers," assaults those who treat literature as "wholly self-contained." Unfortunately, abuse is the best part of his book. Maxwell simply does not know enough to deal adequately with literature and society from Bradford to Cozzens. He is often precisely right: discussing Poe and

Cooper he notes that the "common ground between the two men is an inheritance from the eighteenth-century ideas of order . . . which came down to Poe mainly in their aesthetic application, but which possessed Cooper's political being." But his dependence on dated historical studies (such as the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization* and Bowers' *Hamilton and Jefferson*) weakens the argument that the major American novelists urged their readers "to rest content with the compromises which are all man can be expected to make of his ideals."

Fortunately, A. N. Kaul—with much less fanfare — has done what Maxwell seemed about to do. Kaul's study of "the actual and ideal society in nineteenth-century fiction" is a happy marriage of art and politics. Like Maxwell, Kaul questions the accepted view of American literature as radically individualistic, but Kaul emphasizes the desire for Utopian community rather than the acceptance of compromise and the *status quo*. Where Maxwell quotes Aquinas on the need for a hierarchical society, Kaul quotes Henry James, the elder, on *democratic* society as the "redeemed form of man."

Socialists rather than Liberals or Conservatives will draw inspiration from Kaul's interpretation of Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville and Mark Twain, authors who confronted the society of their times, evaluated it, turned from it, and projected "the image of an ideal community or an ideal social order." Faced with the atomization of society in an age of commercialized individualism, the classic American writers withdrew from "actual" society — in order to delineate an ideal community. In their visionary art they retold the American epic of flight from the evils of the Old World to the Edenic community of the New. Not only are Cooper's "Littlepage Manuscripts" a "re-visionary" history of society in colonial and early national New York; his *Leatherstocking* goes forth from white society to a better community of Uncas and Chingachgook, of Mohicans and Pawnees. And even Hawthorne's allegedly anti-Utopian *Blithedale Romance* is for "the principle of human brotherhood as against the predatory competitiveness of the established system." "Even if it fails to create a potential matrix for radical ideas and rational schemes of action," writes Kaul in a last word on our fiction, "by arousing and redistribut-

ing our sympathies it builds a reservoir of moral energy to support such ideas and actions."

I trust that all men dissatisfied with the present literary and political Establishments will applaud Kaul's book, and Maxwell's, as signs of a return to relevance.

FREEDOM SONGS

Robert Shelton

Rarely in time of peace has music played such a strong role in mobilizing people as it is doing every day in the integration movement.

At the funeral of Medgar Evers they sang. In the jails of Danville they sang. Facing the fire hoses of Birmingham they sang. The Negroes of the South are marching to their battles to the tune of what have become generally known as "freedom songs."

One must really hear this use of spirituals, gospel songs, hymns and militant new topical tunes in the actual setting to understand the galvanizing power of this functional music. Few mass meetings in the South could be held without music. Few demonstrations could be held without the morale-building of melody.

But short of witnessing this curious phenomenon, it is possible to get an idea of the songs, old and new, and their impact by hearing the Freedom Singers, a quartet of young field secretaries of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee.

Members of the Freedom Singers are Bernice Johnson, twenty years old; Rutha Harris, twenty-two; Cordell Hull Reagon, nineteen, and Charles Neblett, twenty-one. All have served time in jail for civil-rights activities. All are first-rate singers, and Miss Johnson has stunned listeners especially with the power, intensity and range of her voice.

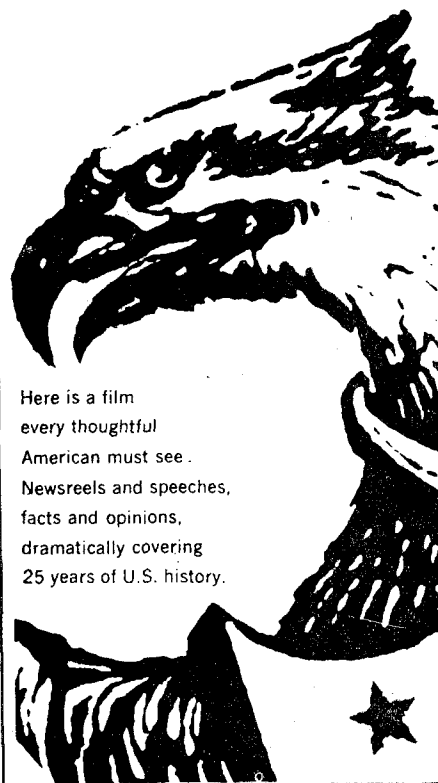
Coming from the front lines of the integration battles, the Freedom Singers make ideal stage interpreters of the Negroes' battle hymns. They have traveled some 35,000 miles since December, when they were formed in Albany, Georgia, and have presented more than 100 concerts in the North and West to raise money for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee.

The Freedom Singers' concert at

Robert Shelton is on the news staff of The New York Times. He reviews folk music regularly for that paper.

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Carnegie Hall on June 21 with Mahalia Jackson gave an idea of the breadth and power of music in the integration movement. There was a timelessness about much of the music, as urgent and immediate as today's headlines, as old as the institution of slavery.

"We've been rebuked, we've been scorned," went a line of one of their spirituals. Most of the tunes are old, traditional, but the old self-pity, the old resignation, even the old patience have been swept out of their lyrics as they are being swept out of the thinking of Southern Negro youth. Typical of their stiffening determination was the song, "I Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around." And the "new-time religion" in the South has transformed the jaunty, infectious gospel song, "Walking and Talking With My Mind Set on Jesus" into "Mind Set on Freedom."

Ironically, many of the songs of slavery, the Civil War and the Reconstruction period are still being sung today, because they voice the same aspirations. These lines, once sung by Negro soldiers in the Union Army, are still to be heard at integration rallies:

*No more moaning, no more moaning,
No more moaning, Lord, for me!
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be
buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be
free.*

While the majority of freedom songs spring from religious sources, popular songs have been appropriated as well. A Ray Charles tune is the basis for "Get Your Rights, Jack!"

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"Day-o," the Caribbean tune Harry Belafonte popularized, is now called "Calypso Freedom":

*Freedom's coming and it won't be long.
Come, Mr. Kennedy and take me
out of misery.*

The evolution of freedom songs is a wonder to watch. An old Baptist song, "O Ship of Zion," was introduced a generation ago to the labor movement by the Almanac Singers as "Union Train." Now the Freedom Singers have reworked it into "Freedom Train." "Which Side Are You On?" was a Kentucky coal-miners' song. Now it contains the line: "Will you be an Uncle Tom or will you be a man?"

Few songs have such power and communicativeness as "We Shall Overcome," regarded as the theme song of the integrationists. It is generally used as the capstone of every meeting. In churches and auditoriums and jails, "We Shall Overcome" rings out its message of solemn determination in a tempo that irradiates the hope of the lyrics.

Such widespread use of topical songs has not been seen in this country since the organizing days of the labor movement. Because of its spontaneous nature, this topical song craze has a really popular involvement, almost completely out of the hands of professionals. To the young zealots of the Congress of Racial Equality, the NAACP and SNVCC, writing songs is both a hobby and a dedication. Their greatest rewards have been to hear their songs spread endemically from one end of the South to the other, pick up local references and enter the arsenal of integration weapons.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Warsaw

My first impression of the rebuilt Warsaw—I had visited the city before the war—was that it was like a West European city. "It strikes you that way," a Polish lady said to me, "because you have just come from Moscow. If you had come here directly from Paris you would think it East European."

Specific contrasts revealed themselves at my first conversation. The same lady introduced me to a well-known scene designer at a café where I had pastry and coffee. (The Poles of Warsaw are addicted to pastry, coffee

and ice cream—as a sort of *apéritif*, which they consume in honorable proportion to the amount of vodka they drink.) Said the designer: "You have just arrived from Moscow? And what theatre did you see there?" I mentioned the production of *The Three-penny Opera* which I had applauded the night before. My two table companions arched their eyebrows in surprise. "That is progress," they agreed.

I was even more surprised when the gentleman inquired if the saxophone were among the instruments used—and whether the jazz elements of the score had been retained. "Certainly," I answered. "They even did the twist in the prologue." This was hailed as glad tidings. The saxophone, symbol of jazz decadence, had for some time been anathema in serious musical circles in the Soviet Union.

Warsaw, with a population of a million, has twenty-five theatres. Their repertory is of broader scope than that on the Soviet stage. Examining the photographs at the first theatre I went to—a smallish house with a seating capacity of 400—I noted that plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilder, Anouilh, O'Casey, Brecht, Graham Greene and the *avant-garde* French dramatist Scéhade had all been produced during the past two or three seasons. Many of these plays are still unacceptable in the Soviet Union.

I shall probably have occasion in future issues to refer to some of the contemporary Polish plays (a number of them influenced by the Theatre of the Absurd), since five have been translated into French in the Warsaw theatre magazine *Dialog*—in many respects the best theatre magazine in Europe and perhaps in the world. I shall confine myself now to plays with which I am familiar. The first was a remarkably original production of *The Three Sisters*, directed by Erwin Axer, the guiding spirit of the Contemporary Theatre's widely representative repertory.

The two most striking elements in this presentation were the unit setting and the subdued tone of the acting. The setting, covered by beige cloth with delicate leaflike patterns sewn on its surface, conveyed the feeling of a handsome lace decoration. Even the fourth-act exterior with its birch trees is so rendered. As for the acting, it sought no climaxes or excitement.

The production as a whole composed a tapestry of human relationships marked chiefly by the manner in which the characters *listened* and

looked at one another. No single person appeared central to the play's development; all were woven into a single fabric of sentiment and meaning clearly legible through what we beheld in the characters' eyes. Presumably minor personages like Solony became as vivid and crucial to the whole as any of the others. It was a marriage of Stanislavsky "psychology" (old style!) with Brechtian objectivity.

The scene of Doctor Czebutykin's (Polish spelling) despair — when he confesses his ignorance and the medical impotence which led to his patients' deaths—usually done as a tour de force of emotional acting, was so casually (almost humorously) presented that without a knowledge of Polish one might suspect that it had been omitted. Yet it moved the audience, as did the entire production, as much as performances elsewhere in which the scene is played with passion.

The most colorful performance was that of Tadeusz Lomnicki, one of Warsaw's best actors, as Solony. In this interpretation, Solony is seen as a suppressed thug, a venomously enamored pig hiding his sick soul behind a mask of eau de Cologne, scented lozenges and "Byronic" verse.

The two old servants, Anfisa and Ferapont (small parts), were brilliantly real; I was told later that the actors who played them are "stars." A very young Tuzenbach was admirable in his refinement and sensibility, though the comic inadequacy of the man was overlooked. Among the sisters, only Masha was notable; Kuligin was far more pallid and fragilely Polish than densely Russian, but still touching; the Vershinin was barely adequate. The love scenes were featherweight in their discretion, the pathos of the play a shadow. The world of Chekhov had become a memory of the melancholy past, still beautifully poignant as it fades.

I admired, rather than warmed to, this reading of the play, but I shall not forget it.

Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* is another Axer production, which he is now repeating in Lenin-grad. I had seen the play (a "history" of Hitler's rise to power allegorically told as the story of a "Chicago" gangster) given by the Berliner Ensemble in a style of grotesque comedy. In Warsaw it was a brutal, Kafka-like nightmare, its setting all lead and steel.

Lomnicki, the Solony of *The Three*

Sisters, was now Ui-Hitler. He played it with a savagely stylized harshness, more terrifying than funny. When Ui makes his final speech in a paroxysm of blistering energy, the actor rising to extreme heights of vocal virtuosity, I thought the effect deliberately farcical; but no one, to my initial consternation, laughed. Then I realized the reason: Hitler was never a joke to the Poles. He was a hideous reality, the recollection of which could not be anything but horrifying. During the Nazi occupation of Poland anyone found with a book in English or heard playing Chopin was immediately put to death.

At the Peoples Theatre (all Polish theatres are state-owned) I saw Racine's *Britannicus*, which I feared might prove a bore. I found the performance more interesting than it had been at the Comédie Française. The setting, a scenic adaptation of *tachiste* painting technique, was barbarously regal and physically stirring; the costumes as well as the make-ups in gold, orange and dark brown had a sinister glamour.

Irina Eichlerowna (Warsaw's "Mother Courage") played Agrippina. Poland's outstanding actress, she possesses formidable authority and commands an arrestingly resonant voice which she controls with utmost ease. Around her, the young actors — Nero, *Britannicus*, Narcissus — were handsome, fervid and fluent. The play was no Racine recital or museum piece; it took on its proper stature as a timeless statement of the conflict between will (or politics) and desire.

My only disappointment in Warsaw was with the production at the Contemporary Theatre of Ionesco's *The King Dies*, which I saw at its final dress rehearsal. The setting and costumes were extremely stylish — and entirely misconceived with respect to the play's requirements. (Such a setting and costumes might earn its designer rave notices in New York.) The acting, too, was without point or quality — the fault of the director rather than the cast.

I must add that the original Ionesco text, which I read here for the first time (I had seen the play in Paris and commented on it in *The Nation* last winter), contains its author's finest writing, both witty and touching. The play is not, as I had supposed, an ode to death, but a hymn to life emerging from the troubled depths of existentialist anguish.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

Fellini's *8½* is a work of egotism so striking as to guarantee its notoriety and almost to assure its success. The renowned Italian director (*The White Sheik*, *La Strada*, *La Dolce Vita*, etc.), finding himself slack of spirit and unable to fix upon the theme for a new picture, tells us that he decided to film his own desuetude. The impulse is not unlike the schoolboy ruse of writing a paper entitled "Why I have Nothing to Say." Sr. Fellini's doldrums, it seems, were personal as well as professional: his screen alter ego (Marcello Mastroianni) needs to invent a titillating tableau in order to reanimate his interest in a kittenish mistress; meanwhile, he cannot gather himself sufficiently to re-enlist the affection of the wife whom he genuinely loves.

The structure of *8½* is complicated but not notably difficult. The director, after suffering a nervous collapse when the car he is driving is mired deep in traffic, repairs to a fashionable watering place. His work and his life follow him; soon he is surrounded by wife, mistress, producer, co-writer, actors, technicians, friends—the whole cast of his social and artistic identity. He is urged from all sides to take decisions, press forward, acknowledge responsibilities. He does not very much

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attend these promptings and is forever falling off into memories, dreams and wishful memories. And what action he does take appears, from the hallucinated style of its narration, to be pursued in a mood of severe abstraction. Thus the need to consult with church dignitaries on a point of doctrine embedded in his alleged new production provokes a grotesque pantomime in the spa's steam rooms; prior to that, however, it has recalled an afternoon of his childhood when, with schoolboy companions, he once incited an obese and deranged woman (one who had made a den for herself in a beachhead pillbox left derelict after the war) to perform a lascivious dance; and for which mischief he had been punished with humiliation by his clerical teachers. Thus also, the director, put out of countenance by an encounter between mistress and wife, flees into a daydream in which he is the lord of an adoring harem composed of all the women who are distracting his real life, and where he keeps discipline and earns love by means of a sinister but not evidently brutal whip. Fortunately, the metaphor is not always that blatant.

The co-author appears as an acid chorus; his views are somewhat anomalous. It is his mission to tell the director home truths about his projected work, and his complaints that the script lacks focus, that the incidents are too subjective to be theatrically valid, that the characters are real only to the director's memory, etc., seem to be Fellini's sly way of disarming criticisms of *8½*. However, the proposed film which the co-author finds so inadequate, and which at the end he congratulates the director on aban-

doning (what matter the cost to the producer), concerns a flight to the moon, and the objections raised are not relevant to it. I think Fellini is engaged here in some kind of *nouvelle vague* cuteness, but that does not detract from the grand irony of the immense rocket scaffoldings that are erected by the distracted producer before his genius of a director has cast the picture or indeed come to terms with its scenario.

The imagery and comment of *8½* are presented with an infectious grin; not every episode explains itself and characters appear in the action by reasons of association that are not always supplied. However, we understand that the director's brain is sparking with the unpredictability of a damp battery, and the unexplained bits and pieces fall easily enough into the flow of the picture: Fellini's ability to make a film flow with the sparkle, surprise and occasional peril of a quick stream is the key to his distinction among contemporary directors.

How much autobiography is there in all this? Not, I should think, a great deal. The picture may have been conceived in the manner Fellini would have us believe, but once under way it looks to have been spun like a taffy from an inventive and irreverent mind. What may have begun as confession and therapy soon must have turned into the shrewdest entertainment — a game not to be taken seriously. At least, I cannot seriously believe that Fellini is so plain-souled that he could throw off melancholy by reminding himself that a man must be taken for what he is, not what others would have him be; or that the value of one's life is to be measured by the people with whom one shares it. The finale, for which everyone in the huge cast joins hands in a giant ring-around-a-rosie, to the music of a clown band, is visually most engaging, but I doubt that it epitomizes Fellini's philosophy, or stands for anything more than a good camera shot. Deception in the theatre is never more cunning than when we are told that the masks are down and the illusions stored.

The Russian movies I have seen in the last few years look to me as though made for good children. They are skillfully devised and competently acted, but their assumption of an absolute idealism and their resort to easy tears make me uneasy in the context of adult theatre. There is about them an air of baleful innocence.

The current example is *My Name*

Is Ivan, recipient of many festival awards and sent here as part of the cultural exchange program. It tells of a young boy, gleeful companion of butterflies and a frisking colt at his mother's heels, who is transformed by the blast of war into a cunning and relentless spy. Attached, unofficially, to a front-line element, he passes invisibly through the marshes between armies and, unnoticed because of his youth and rags, ferrets out details of German strength and intentions. There is an effective scene in which, back from a foray, the boy takes from his knotted handkerchief an assortment of twigs, burrs, berries and leaves that remind him of the essential arithmetic of his mission.

In the title role Kolya Burlaiev transforms from soft puppydom to acid dedication with a thoroughness that says a great deal for his acting and for the coaching he received from his director, Andrei Tarkovsky. He becomes cold and pale, sick with hate and arrogant to the adults who stand toward him in the ambiguous role of parent-officer. He is an avenging infant, indeed a monster.

Technically, this is quite excellent, but that anyone much older than the boy himself could believe in the transformation surprises me. It is simply not true that children can swim icy lakes that would kill a man, or that they can face dangers and deprivations before which their elders quail. One reason why children are not much used in war is that they are no good at it; Ivan is a figment, not a creation. I can understand why the Russians wish to celebrate their indeed heroic war against the Nazis, but it puzzles me why they sentimentalize it.

The picture has been much commended on artistic grounds. It is well performed by a company that betrays some of the embarrassment which often overcomes grown actors who are required to support a child star. Even a moderately endowed adult actor must rein himself in if he is not to blanket the dramatic presence of a child. The settings rely heavily on blasted trees in silhouette, the pathos of abandoned ruins, the shock of corpses displayed in mockery; there is a romantic scene of striking inconsequence between a gallant officer (the boy's principal preceptor) and a dim girl medic. All this recalls the moodiness of German cinema between the wars, and the photography is in a style of refined mistiness not unlike the soft-focus cabinet prints that once passed for elegant portraiture.

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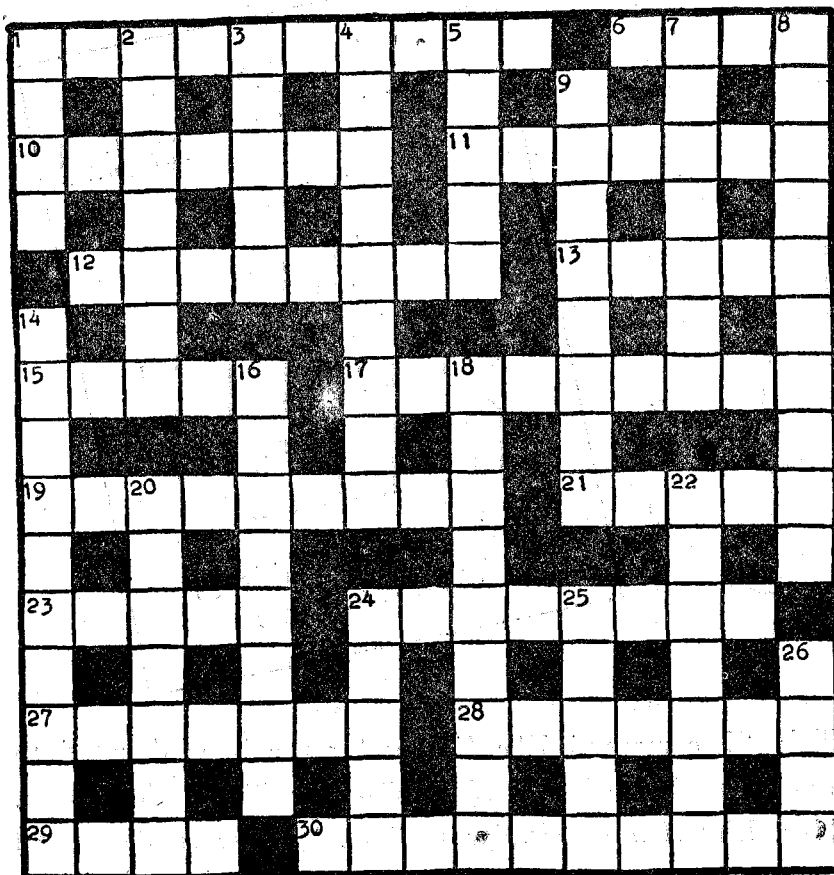
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1019

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Short on one side of it, though it suggests the lowest man of the group. (6, 4)
- 6 With the sound of 9 down following, it shouldn't be too difficult a code to follow. (4)
- 10 Imply what one might do to detect forgery? (7)
- 11 The last race? (7)
- 12 It might prevent a report from receiving much public notice. (8)
- 13 The spirit of a gazelle? (5)
- 15 An acronym that helps make a sailor a navigator. (5)
- 17 Hard to see when pink, and harder to get rid of when white. (9)
- 19 A foreign politician makes a lavish conclusion, with a heavenly location. (9)
- 21 A ship of the French service, at one time. (5)
- 24 The toast might be for the western city that gets left, perhaps. (8)
- 27 What a liberal politician sometimes indulges in, alternatively a conservative one. (7)
- 28 One doesn't believe you'll find the answer is at the wrong juxtaposition. (7)
- 29 Part of the lumber business? (4)
- 30 They often ask why some fowl do, but there's bound to be more than one way here. (10)

DOWN:

- 1, 23 and 9 down Give some wine to the minister, with the last of his

- cigars—it's a sorry token! (9, 3, 5)
- 2 More like tin, or just a little more sage? (7)
- 3 A broken bone I find doesn't have a happy association. (5)
- 4 Stands for chlorine and lye? (9)
- 5 Not in so much danger when fears are dispelled? (5)
- 7 What might be expressed by a mixed type in the plant? (7)
- 8 Both classic and hot arrangements are made pedantic by it. (10)
- 9 See 1 down
- 14 Bach didn't mean to imply this was easy-going. (10)
- 16 Is he boring the one next to you?
- 18 Likely to be found near a broken line. (9)
- 20 Are such openings at most a problem? (7)
- 22 It has been recommended as a primary view. (7)
- 24 He was cautioned to be wary. (5)
- 25 One might find anesthetic there.
- 26 James, as a patriot, so it seems. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1018

ACROSS: 1 Discordance; 9 Stocking; 10 and 12 Mirror writing; 11 Rubbish; 14 Sexton; 15 Reducing; 17 Overlook; 20 Saturn; 22 and 24 Reverse english; 26 Regain; 27 Overdone; 28 Consignment. DOWN: 2 Incubator; 3 Crimison; 5 Admired; 6 Caret; 7 Attune; 8 Horn in; 13 and 4 Brokerage; 16 Cotyledon; 18 Veered; 20 Sunbeam; 21 Rising; 23 Erato; 25 and 19 Song of Songs.

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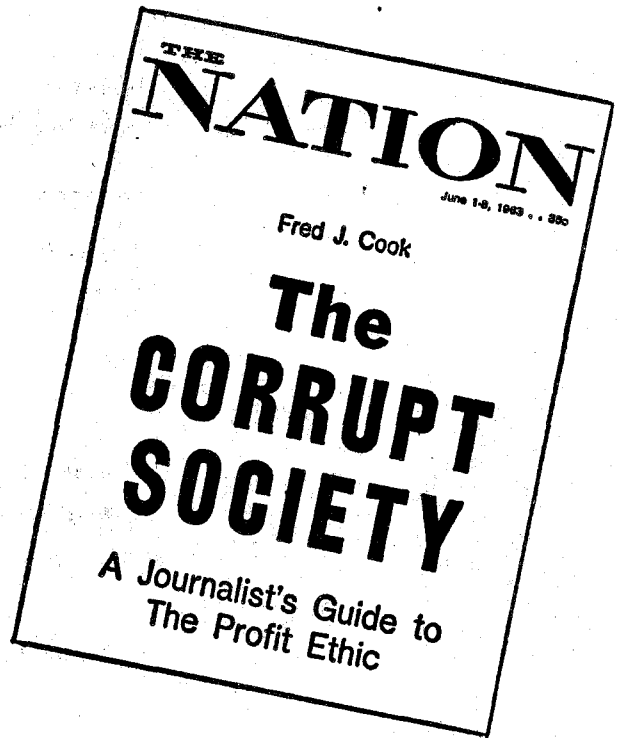
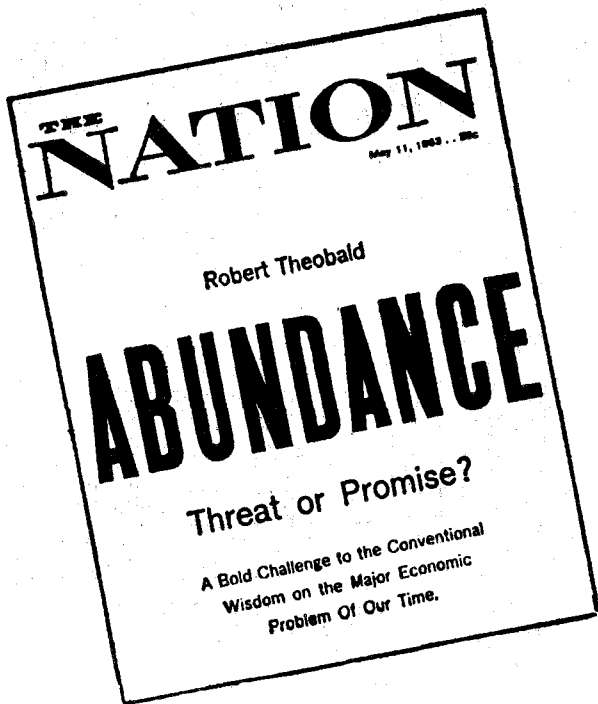
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